TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. LIII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1885. NO. 12.

Poetry.

Published by request:

THE DRUNKARD-MAKER.

"Your father's a drunkard,"
Said pretty May Bell;
The scorn of her accents
No language can tell.
She wound a gold chain
Round her fingers so fair,
And shook back the long curls
Of her beautiful hair.

And Bess, the drunkard's child,
Bowed her white face,
Feeling deeply, so deeply,
The shame and disgrace.
As she wiped the bright tears
That were falling like rain,
The haughty girl laughed
Who had given her pain.

A boy, brave and bright
As a boy could be,
Was untangling his kite
In a tall maple tree;
He could hear every word,
He could see every look;
Poor Bess with her slate
And her old tattered book.

An indignant flush
Dyed his cheek like a rose,
As he viewed proud May Bell,
In her beautiful clothes,
Down from the wide branch
Quick as thought something fell;
"Who made him a dr nkard?
Will you answer, May Bell?

"Or shall I tell the story?
I know it all through:
John Bell made a drunkard
Of poor William Drew!
He sells him the rum
That's destroying his life
And fast making beggars
Of children and wife!"

As he led Bessie on,
Down the mulberry lane,
May looked after the two
Through her tears of shame.
"Oh! can it be true, then,
The story he told?
Does my father make drunkards
Of men for their gold?"

For the Blade.

A QUERY ANSWERED.

BY MABEL THAYER ROUSE.

The reason I love my love so well,
Mischievous one, would you have me tell?
She has soft brown eyes and golden hair,
Sweet pouting lips and a face so fair,
A form so dainty—in short 'tis this:
She is pretty to look at and sweet to kiss.

No, that's not all—she's a step so light,
A hand so shapely and soft and white;
A smile so tender and sweet and warm,
In all about her hovers a charm,
A mystic charm. Can it be told:
She is pretty to look at and sweet to kiss?

Ah, my little one, why do you blush?
Or is your soft cheek comes a rosy flush.
Who is my love? Oh surely you know!
Why is your sweet head drooping so low?
I'll whisper the se ret; hush! 'tis this:
You are pretty to look at and sweet to kiss.

For the Blade.

WE LITTLE THOUGHT.

BY HENRY J. SAVAGE.

We little thought to see the day
So soon approach its night!
Cleveland and Hendricks in the van!
Ye gods! then Wrong is Right.
Turn back the hands of Time, and face
Progression to the wall;
And let her sleep for four long years
Beneath a sable pall!
Nor wake her then, unless ye see
Some brightness in the sky;
Shrowd not thr vic on Bourbon fare—
Far better let her die!

Milwaukee, Wis.

Our Story Teller.

Written expressly for the Blade.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN;

A Tale of the Mexican Border.

BY COL. S. K. LISPENARD.

CHAPTER VI.

Never was love's young dream more rudely broken upon than was Nina's, when she found the grasp of the hulking Mexican scoundrel upon her wrists. She was too terrified for a moment to do anything, but sat as if paralyzed. The bridle was snatched from her grasp, a knot of a lariat made around first one wrist, then the other, and the bound hands were tied to the high pommel of her old-fashioned saddle, ere she realized the fearful truth that she was in the power of the ruffian who was attempting to abduct her.

A piercing shriek of "Dudley!" rang out, provoking only a curse from the Mexican, who had dropped from his saddle, and, holding the bridles of both horses loosely on his left arm, threw a loop of the rope around her person, and then around the body of her animal, binding her firmly in her seat. She struggled and screamed, mad with affright.

"Curse you!" hissed he, in Spanish. "Keep your mouth still, or I will strangle you!" and he roughly grasped her with his right hand as if to put his threat into effect.

The report of a rifle interrupted him. With a yell of pain his nerveless hand lowered, and fell to his side. Both horses, restive before, became increasingly so. Nina looked backward and saw Dick.

"Thank God! I am saved!" cried she, in frantic joy.

The bravo saw Dick and with a supreme effort, despite his useless arm, he vaulted into his saddle, dropping his hold on the bridle of her horse as he did so, and madly galloped off down the river.

Then, as before related, the black, finding himself without control, started off, making a direct course for his former home, wherever that might be.

In her overpowering joy at her unexpected release from the hands of the Mexican, she paid but little attention to this. Assured that Dick was near, she felt the certainty of speedy release from her position, and turned her thoughts toward Dudley. Had he been murdered? Or had the other assailant captured him and carried him off for ransom? She knew enough of the treacherous "greasers" to understand that this would be a probable fate for any strange American who might fall into their clutches.

She turned her head from time to time, and was reassured to find that Dick was steadily following her. And it was with a renewed feeling of horror that she noted the fact that her horse was outspeeding his pursuer, and that he was carrying her away, she could not tell whither, with night swiftly coming on.

She frantically tugged at her bonds, but the bravo had done his cowardly work too well. Her wrists were bound together and then to the saddle itself. All that she could do was futile, and only caused the cruel rope to cut deeper into the delicate flesh. Her strength was no match for the strong *riata*, which, thrown by the practiced hand of a vaquero, could bring a galloping horse to a stop.

There was only one ray of comfort. She could, by an effort, turn her head far enough to see that Dick steadily kept on the track of the flying black. The twilight closed in, and though she could no longer see the scout, she knew that he was following. The race *must* end—the black could not keep on forever. Weariness would compel him to stop, and Dick could then overtake her.

But even with this thought, she was a prey to anxiety and terror. The horse might be chased by wolves; he might stumble and fall, and she, helpless, be killed, or dragged to death over the prairie. Her body was racked with pain, and the cruel bonds on her wrists cut like knives. If she could but loosen a hand, to grasp the bridle, lying loosely over the neck of the animal! In her frantic efforts, she leaned over, in a wild effort to grasp it in her teeth, but it was beyond her reach.

Nor was the black obedient to her voice. She spoke to him in gentle tones, endeavored to check or stop him, but he shook his head gayly in the consciousness of freedom, and kept on his wild career.

Finally a stupor came over her. Wearied to the point of exhaustion, despairing of rescue till the black should reach the unknown point for which he was evidently aiming, she sat in the saddle, kept from falling more by her bonds than by any effort of her own. The leaden hours passed on. They reached the river, and the black stopped to drink.

Nina, roused by the plashing of the cool water, glanced in all directions. Surely that was something moving on the further bank, among the trees?

Hope revived in her heart. She tried to pierce the shadow of a clump of trees where she fancied she had seen something moving. There was certainly something there!

"Help, for the love of Heaven! Help! Help! I am bound upon this horse!" she cried, with the energy of despair.

The black, startled by her outcry, plashed noisily across the shallow ford, and climbing the further bank, started off with renewed vigor.

"Help, if you are human!" shrieked Nina, and again repeated her cry in Spanish.

From out the shadow darted the form of a horseman, not twenty yards away.

With a wild exclamation of joy, she redoubled her cries for aid. The chase was short. The wearied black was no match for the fresh horse of the newcomer.

The hoofbeats drew nearer and nearer, and then the deliverer ranged up alongside.

He was an Indian in full war dress—an Apache warrior!

CHAPTER VII.

Paquita did not find the old Indian, Pacheco, within his adobe hut. She glanced swiftly around, to assure herself that he was not lying in an obscure corner, and then hurried away to find him. In response to her inquiries she found that he had gone to a maguey plantation some miles away up the river, and without hesitation she started to find him.

Evidently her business was such that it would brook no delay. The trail led often through the dense growth of timber that covered the river valley, and she could push on faster than had it passed across the treeless table land, beneath the direct rays of the sun.

She often glanced apprehensively to the west, to note how much daylight remained to her, as she went on; but she scanned the trail ahead as well as behind, lest she should be observed by some passing traveler.

The trail was an unfrequented one, and she saw no one until she reached the plantation, whon she at once sought old Pacheco. He was seated in the shade, smoking a cigarito, and eying, with some complacency, an earthen bottle, closely corked, which sat on the ground beside him.

"Paquita!" he ejaculated, as the girl approached.

"Oh, venerable father!" exclaimed she in the native tongue—for he would have repulsed her sharply had she ventured to use the hated Spanish—"there is danger to the Daughter of the Sun!"

Pacheco had been leaning languidly back against the adobe wall of a deserted building, the smoke of his cigarito curling from his mouth and nostrils; but the words of Paquita acted like an electric shock. Lithe as a tiger he sprang to his feet, dashing down his cigarito, and grasping Paquita by the shoulders as he spoke:

"Danger to the Daughter of the Sun? Has the American dared—? What mean you? Speak! Who would injure her?"

"Santerra!" replied Paquita.

"Santerra!" repeated the Indian. "Tell me all of this."

Paquita related faithfully the conversation she had overheard between Santerra and his two precious agents of iniquity. When she had ceased, Pacheco looked sharply into her face and queried:

"What shall be done with Santerra?"

"Anything, rather than let this thing go on—anything, rather than that he shall possess the Daughter of the Sun!" hissed Paquita.

The mixed race of Mexico has all the vices of each of the two parent races, and but few of their virtues; and Paquita was no exception to the general rule. True, she did not understand the full plan of Santerra; but she had heard enough to make her apprehensive that she was to be supplanted, and the strain of barbarous blood in her cried out for revenge, as did the treacherous blood of Castile.

"If they succeed, the Daughter of the Sun will be rescued from their hands before Santerra can reach the cabin at the ruined silver works," said Pacheco. "Do you return—and keep Santerra at home as long as you can. Let us return at once—but not together. I will go a shorter way than by the trail."

Paquita accordingly returned homeward, alone. She did not see Pacheco, but when she reached the little pueblo not a man was to be seen—only women and children. The Indians were already on the route to intercept the abductors of Nina.

Paquita reached the hacienda, wearied out by fatigue and excitement. Going to her room she bathed her face, hands and bare feet, and made some changes in her toilet, that the fact that she had been absent might not be noticed by Santerra.

She had hardly done this when she heard his imperious voice calling her.

"Come to my room, Paquita! Do you hear, wench? I have work for you to do! Come, slave, I say!"

Skurrying along the gallery, she reached the room previously described. Santerra was there, and with him Juan. The latter's broken arm had been rudely set by Santerra, and the bravo was reclining on a poncho spread upon the floor, his face set with pain, and ashy gray from loss of blood.

"Paquita!" spoke Santerra, sharply and sternly, "you are to nurse this man. A chance shot has broken his arm. Let no one come here—let no one know he is here. Bring him food and drink yourself. Watch him with attention, as you value your life!"

Paquita bowed in silence. She knew Santerra in his angry moods too well to risk a word, unless compelled to utter it.

And she had never seen Santerra in a fiercer rage than that which now possessed him. His lips were drawn over his white teeth, which showed like a tiger's uncovered fangs; his eyes burned like a basilisk's; his countenance was distorted with the passion under which he labored, and he nervously gnawed his moustache, as he walked up and down the floor.

Paquita busied herself in little offices about the sick man, and in making easier the rude couch on which he lay. The mere fact that one of Santerra's agents returned seriously wounded, she took as proof positive that his scheme had miscarried completely, and she was at ease again.

Santerra waited impatiently—for what, Paquita could not divine. He went, time and again to the level roof of the hacienda, from which he gazed as if awaiting the arrival of some one. Then he came down, to send her away upon some pretext, that he might have a private conversation with the wounded bravo. This continued until the sun had sunk below the western horizon, when, repeating emphatically his directions regarding the care and seclusion of Juan, he mounted his horse and set off in the direction of Apizaco—fully armed, with his poncho rolled up and fastened behind his saddle, as if he were going on a journey.

Santerra found the village in confusion, the reason of which was told him by a dozen shrill-tongued women. The Senorita Nina had been carried off by robbers, and Don Jose, the Americans, and a party of men had started a half-hour or more before in pursuit of the abductors, who had gone off to the northward.

Only waiting to hear this, he dashed onward, and did not draw rein till he had reached the Norton hacienda. Riding into the patio, he learned from the servants that the party had but a few minutes before left that point, a vaquero or two who had been sent out to scout having found that the trail led to the pass to the Rio Saltero valley. Santerra knew the route thither well, and dashed onward at a gallop to overtake and join the band of rescuers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dick was puzzled to account for the disappearance of Nina. Had she finally succeeded in loosening her hands, and freed herself? It was not probable that she possessed a knife that would sever a rope. It must have been a large, keen blade that had made such a sweeping cut, and it must have been wielded by a more powerful arm than Nina's.

Then if Nina had freed herself, where was she? She knew that he was in pursuit, he was certain; and in that case she would have turned backward talong the trail, in order to meet him—and if she had cut the rope, why had she not grasped the bridle, and thus regaining control of the black horse, have ridden back homeward?

So Dick, running over the chances, speedily arrived at the conclusion that she had been freed by some other person; and he as readily reached the decision that her captor, whoever it might have been, had carried her off prisoner. In that valley, so recently devastated by Indians, there were but two alternative theories: that she had fallen into the hands of some band of Mexicans organized to repel the Apache raiders, or into those of the Indians themselves.

"And whichever it is," groaned Dick, "the Lord have mercy upon the poor girl! She'll have hard lines, whichever way it is!"

There was but one thing to do—to forage for food for himself and horses, and then to return, organize a party for the rescue, and take up the trail wherever it might be found.

Food and water for the horses was easily found, and unsaddling both animals, he tethered them within the yard of the ruined rancho, and leaving them to their breakfast, he started out to find something for himself. An irregular belt of timber was not far off, and rifle in hand, he turned his steps thither in search of game.

Fortune favored him. As he went on in the fast coming daylight, a large bird, nearly the size of the common turkey, started up a little distance in front of him. It did not take wing, but darted away on foot at an almost incredible speed. Nimble as it was, the rifle-ball was more speedy, and the bird lay struggling in its death-throes.

"Holy smoke! how them chaparral-cocks kin run!" soliloquized Dick, as he picked up the bird, and turned his steps back to his "camp." Had he known what keen ears were startled by the rifle-crack he would have not been so leisurely in his movements.

Starting a fire, he prepared the chaparral cock for the spit, and speedily had his breakfast ready, to which he did full justice. And a less hungry man than the weary Dick would have found the meal an appetizing one.

As he sat on a stone, finishing his meal, he heard the horses, which were behind him, snort as if in affright. Turning to see what had alarmed them, and grasping his rifle as he did so, he saw a half dozen Apaches within a dozen yards of him!

There was no mistaking their hostile intentions. An instant later, and the foremost brave fell with a rifle-ball through his breast.

With a yell the Indians were upon him. Clubbing his rifle, he struck down the first comer, and drew his revolver from his belt; but before he could use it a pair of brawny arms were thrown around him from behind, and he found himself, after a brief struggle, disarmed and a prisoner. He had been surrounded, and while one party advanced in his front another had come upon him from the rear.

Dick's anger with himself was fierce. To be trapped like a greenhorn, a tenderfoot! He might have taken proper precautions—served him right for being such a fool! thought the crestfallen scout.

But it was of no use to bewail the past; the next thing was to devise means to extricate himself from his dangerous predicament. To do this he turned his attention to the conversation going on among his captors.

They were a motley looking set. Each face was hideous with war paint, while their clothing was the spoil of their raid. One warrior ware a gay pair of Mexican calzoneros, or pantaloons, with a row of silver buttons set closely together down the outer seams, which had been the pride of some Mexican vaquero, while around his shoulders was a greasy blanket. Another wore on his head a broad sombrero, gay with lace, while his body was wrapped in a red skirt which had once belonged to some pretty Mexican poblana. All were arrayed in captured finery of one kind or another, and had his own situation been less serious, Dick Ryder could have laughed long and loud over the bizarre effect of their accoutrements.

Dick listened to their talk in the Indian tongue, and found that they were speculating on his errand there, and especially upon the fact that there were two horses and saddles—the side saddle being an especial perplexity, as none of them had ever seen one before. The Indian women ride astride, as do the Mexicans of the gentler sex, as a rule.

This deepened the mystery as to Nina's disappearance for Dick, but he could not ponder upon it, as he wished to hear all the Apaches would say. He determined to feign ignorance of the Indian tongue, which he understood perfectly, in the hope that thus he might come into possession of something to be turned to his advantage.

The Indians soon turned to him and one, who acted as spokesman, and was apparently the leader of the band, came up to him and asked him what had become of the rider of the other horse.

"I don't understand," replied Dick, in Spanish.

The chief repeated his question in the same tongue.

Dick's sagacity told him that to tell the truth was in this case the best plan. This band was, he conjectured, bound southward on a raid into the Rio Virgin valley. He wished them to carry out their purpose. The chances of escape would be multiplied for him by their going onward, for he felt sure that Nina's and his disappearance had certainly become known despite the perplexing absence of Dudley, and an armed searching party must be organized by this time, which would be powerful enough to cope with this party, that numbered less than a score of braves.

Consequently, he told the chief briefly, in Spanish, of the attempt to abduct Nina; of his thwarting of the Mexican, and his all night chase after her, bound upon her horse, and of her mysterious disappearance.

To his disappointment, they did not discuss the matter in his hearing. They walked off to examine the saddle, to the horn of which was still attached the fragment of lariat with which Nina had been bound. Obedient to a word of command from the chief, a fat old warrior remained to guard him—and, being tired of standing, he deliberately seated himself on the stomach of poor Dick, who, bound hand and foot, was lying upon the ground.

"Here! git up, you infernal old hog!" yelled Dick in English. The fat Indian calmly retained his seat, paying not the smallest attention to Dick's remonstrance, which he probably could not understand, but whose purport must have been plain to him.

Dick was angry. Gathering himself for one supreme effort, as well as his fettered hands and feet would allow, with a sudden lunge he succeeded in turning his body over, actually rolling from under the Indian, who came to the ground with an emphatic thump, which forced a gutteral "ugh!" from him.

The fat Indian looked around at Dick with a scowl, but made no further effort to resume his former position. The council over the saddles now broke up, and the greater part of the Indians quickly left the spot, while the others re-saddled the two captured horses, getting Dick's saddle upon the black, however, instead of his own steed.

In a few minutes the other Indians returned, bringing the horses of the entire band. Dick, securely bound, was placed upon the black, which was led between the horses of two Indians, and the whole cavalcade took up the line of march, to Dick's great joy, southward over the trail by which he had come.

A couple of hours brought them to the ford of the Rio Saltero, at the ruined posada. Here the band left the trail, and turned up the river, among the trees. Within five minutes they came upon the ashes of camp-fires and other debris that evidently marked the site of a camp—but so screened by trees that it was impossible to note it until one was directly upon the spot.

Here two Indians dismounted and searched the ground carefully, finally disappearing toward the river. Presently they came back, and the chief, who was one of them, gave the order to move on.

The whole cavalcade followed to the river, plunged in, but instead of fording the stream, turned up stream in the stony channel, keeping in the shallow water where the stream was hardly two feet deep.

Dick saw that this was a feint to baffle pursuit, and his heart sank within him. After going some distance in this manner the party again took to the river bank, and pushed rapidly onward.

The valley gradually narrowed, and the ground grew more uneven and rocky. Finally they reached a bend in the stream, above which was a cup-shaped valley, well-wooded with scrub oak, the trees finding root wherever possible in the rocky soil.

Dick heard the advance of the column greeting some one else, and was prepared to find here another party encamped. There were a considerable number of women and children, and by listening attentively to their talk, Dick judged that they had been located the previous night at the deserted camp near the ford.

He was lifted from his horse and placed under a tree, to which he was securely fastened by a lariat, enough slack being given the rope to allow him to lie down. So tired was he that, despite his dangerous situation, he soon fell into a deep slumber, from which he did not awake till the day was nearing the sunset hour.

Taking a survey of the camp, he noted that there was a considerable amount of goods piled on the ground, evidently the spoil of rifled Mexican dwellings, while quite a number of stolen horses were tethered near. Further away was a hastily constructed lodge, with a couple of Indians on guard. Hence he conjectured there were female prisoners within, and perhaps with their children, awaiting distribution among their captors, along with the horses and goods; for the spoils of a raid are equitably divided between the surviving captors by these red thieves—including human captives, generally women, young girls, and sometimes children.

Dick's mind was clear and vigorous after his sleep, and his veins throbbed with renewed life, despite his bonds. He began calculating his chances for escape. It seemed probable, from the secluded point selected for this camp, that the women, children, old men, captives and loot were to be left here till the raid on the Rio Virgin valley was accomplished; that then a route through the mountains to the eastward would be taken, which would soon put them beyond the reach of pursuit. But what were their intentions regarding himself? They could have killed him at once, had they not had some other object in view. What this might be, he had no means of determining.

"But if the braves go off on a raid," was his closing reflection, "I kin git away from the crowd that'll be left, or my name's not Dick Ryder!"

He was roused by a couple of braves who loosened the lariat, and placed him upon his feet. He was led between them to the edge of the camp, where there was space clear of trees, near the bank of the river.

The braves, the women and children were all gathered here, save the guards over the goods and the lodge of captives. He was brought to the edge of the circle of Indian spectators, surrounding a fire.

The arrangement of this was somewhat peculiar. A large flat stone slab, some five feet long and three or four wide, evidently obtained from the bed of the stream, which here was composed of stratified rock, was supported on four bowlders, which raised it some three feet from the ground. Underneath those had been built a large fire, to judge from the huge bed of glowing coals remaining, the wood having nearly burned out. The huge flat stone, forming the top of this unique table, was almost entirely red-hot; for an Indian taking up a dry twig, laid it on the top of the stone, whereupon it immediately burst into flame.

Dick wondered what ceremony was in progress; but he was not left long in doubt.

He listened to the talk of the Indians, who were apparently in high glee, and the revelation thus made caused his blood to chill in his veins!

The Indians, supposing that he could not understand their tongue, talked freely. Poor Dick gathered their dire purpose from their talk.

They intended to strip him naked, bind him hand and foot, and lay him upon the fiery slab, to roast to death!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Saving It for the Old Flag.

Captain Nathaniel Palmer, of Stonington, Conn., the original discoverer of Palmer's Land, furthest south of all known land, tells the following story of the way he saved the discovery: He was getting ready to leave it when a Russian frigate hove in sight. Captain Palmer was ambitious to claim the land for the United States. How to contend with the ship of the czar he did not know at first. He waited till the frigate ran to the leeward of him and hove to, and then he put up his sheet and squared away for her, running under her stern and calling out as he shot past: "Aboy, there! ship ahoy! do you want a pilot in?" The ruse succeeded, for the Russian at once filled away, and left the dominion free to the stars and stripes.

Humor.

Burdette on Some Michigan Names.

I was going to lecture in Olivet, Michigan. Olivet College, founded by the good, unselfish, grand, big souled founder of Oberlin. I was to go to *Char*-lotte, then take the Grand Trunk to Olivet station, then drive to the college and the beautiful village of Olivet, two and one-half miles away.

Well, I always called that name *Char*lotte. But in Michigan a superior culture calls it Char *lotte*. I would not give in. When my train—three hours late and losing time every minute as usual—came along I said to the agent: "Is this the train for *Char*lotte?" He said: "This train will take you to Char-*lotte*." I said: "If ever I go to Char *lotte* may the kine of Kalamazoo browse on the graves of your fathers." I got on the train. I said to the conductor: "This train will hardly make that Jackson connection for *Char*-lotte?" The great man said: "Oh, yes; we have the through car for Char-*lotte* on this train." But I said: "I don't want to go to Char-*lotte*. I want to go to *Char*-lotte, so that I may go to *Ol*ivet." He said: "Young man," (that pleased me to be called young), "You go to Char-*lotte* or nowhere." I fought against Char-*lot'e* all the way to Jackson, but they beat me. When we reached that lovely city, the brakeman said in a loud tone of enunciation: "Change cars for Char-*lotte!*" And greatly mortified, I had to get off.

Then when we got to the station the other brakeman said:

"Char-*lotte!* Char *lotte!* Change for the Grand Trunk!"

But I had my revenge. Instead of going to *Ol*ivet, as it had been called ever since that grand old college had been established, the most thoroughly religious college in America, I said:

By all the names of all the gods at once, since I have been compelled to go to Char-*lotte*, gimme a ticket to Oli-*vette*."

And to my dying day I will maintain if it was Char-*lotte*, it is Oli-*vette*.

And when you know what *Ol*ivet is, and think of Kate Castleton in Oli-*vette*, you will comprawncy voo the sarcasm.

Illustrating a Prayer.

A good deacon in an old-fashioned New England town was terribly exercised over the conduct of a son of his, who showed a disinclination to walking in the straight and narrow path prescribed by the strictest rules of orthodoxy. This recalcitrant youth displayed a fondness for social gatherings, and would rather "go home" with a pretty girl six nights in the week than devote a single evening to a careful study of his Sunday school lesson. Finally the climax of his transgressions was reached, and at the prayer meeting that week the unhappy father took occasion to make his family troubles the subject of a fervent petition to the throne of grace.

"Thou knowest, O Lord," he said, "how that son of mine has transgressed Thy ways and brought sorrow to the heart of Thy servant, who has tried to bring up his son in the way he should go. Thou knowest how he prefers apple-parin's and huskin' bees and such to the means of the grace. And now, O Lord, he has gone beyond all bounds, for did not Thy servant hear his unsaved son go riding through the streets of the village to-day whistling this ungodly tune—"

At this point, to the utter surprise and demoralization of the scandalized brethren and sisters, and to the intense delight of the irreverent youth who were present, the conscientious deacon whistled, with realistic exactitude, the well known strains of "Yankee Doodle," and then proceeded with his prayer.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Woke Up the Wrong Parrot.

Funeral fact and funeral fancy are subjects prolific of good stories, but we have rarely met with a better one than the following, which is vouched for as a story of fact. At a Boston funeral not long ago, the clergyman was dilating upon the many virtues of the departed. As it happened there was much justification for it, as the deceased was a man of large heart and many merits; yet the clergyman, probably feeling free to let his fervor of language play unrestrained, almost outdid his theme. Not content with couching his praise in simple and straightforward words he mounted to imagery and seemed to attribute angelic as well as human characteristics. When at the climax of his eloquence his hearers charmed with the sweet incense, the spell was broken by a shrill voice, which cried out:

"Facts, facts, give us facts!"

The sensible comment came from a sage and venerable parrot which had been removed to an ante-room, and then it was remembered that prominent among the virtues of the deceased master was a sturdy dislike for flattery and a habit of sharply rebuking "highfalutin."

A Possible President.

"Father," said the heir, "your aunt Hannah is my great aunt, ain't she?"

"Yes, I suppose she is, Johnnie."

"And because she weighs 220 pounds does that make her my great aunt also?"

"No—that is—ye-es, I suppose so."

"Well, to-day I asked her for two cents to buy a peashooter with and she wouldn't let me have it and I think she is a great aunt, don't you, father?"

But the old man refused to answer. He only had only one little pair, anyway, and he knew that three of a kind would scoop that.

It is boys like this that grow up and go to Congress and have [laughter] scattered through their ready-print speeches in the *Record.*

In the Nature of a Suggestion.

McPherson Flack, of Galveston, is the father of a remarkably bright little boy named Freddy, who is the only child in the family. Last Monday morning, just as Mr. Flack was about to start down town to his business, Freddy called out:

"Pa, I want you to come here and play with me."

"I've not got time, my son," responded Mr. Flack.

"Yes, pa, that's what you tell me all the time. I feel the necessity of having a little brother for a playmate more and more every day, but you don't seem to take my feelings into consideration any more. I think I'll speak to ma about it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Sound and Sense.

"Who is that new man that opened a wood yard or something on Second street and bought a bill of goods of us last Saturday?" asked Old Hyson; "I've lost his card and forgotten his name."

"I don't know," replied the office boy.

"Well," said the old man, "I hate to ask him. Run down to the corner and see what is on his sign; that'll give it."

Presently the boy came back.

"Lime and coal," he said.

And Old Hyson calmly charged the bill up to Lyman Cole.

A Cruel Stab.

"Well," the happy bridegroom said to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?" "Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply; "you can better estimate the value of the services rendered." Suppose we postpone settlement, then, say for a year. By that time I will know whether I ought to give you $100 or nothing?" "No, no!" said the clergyman, who is a married man himself, "make it $3 now."

For the Blade.

THE SMALL BOY'S ESSAY ON CATS.

Cats is an insect what has no wings, and it has a long tale. It looks like fish wurms, only fish wurms hasn't got no hair on it like cats has. Cats is black, and sets on back fentses and buzzes its wings, which it hasn't got any. Cats 'es like locusts 'bout this, 'skept locusts 'es got wings, an' cats waves it taize 'bove its head, and don't set on trees. Cats was a Nameriken invenshun made by a Mr. Pharaoh, of Egypt, Illinois, 'bout one thousand years ago or so; I expect it was so, or mebbe more so. Anyway, this man didn't get no patent on cats, and they was copied by some fulish men who carried 'em to New Yorick where they have ruled things at night with a tight pair o' strings, fur sum daze. Cats has a hump back with long bristles onto it. It has a pair o' lungs, which extends clean back to its tale, which is long. It uses all o' these yere lungs in singin' low, sweet melodies to the pail, watery mune, 'bout one o'clock in the morning. Cats sumtimes sets on the comb of a slippery roof, an' sizen sobs an' squalls an' strokes each other's whiskers. Cats uses two legs to set on, one to stand on, an' t'other to fan his partner with. I know two cats which did this on our wood shed. I guess they did it because they thought they would shed.

When I say this, I don't mean *wood* shed, but would *shed*. I know they got up there to shed for Jack and me found half a hatful o' catfur, an' a pocketful o' claws there the next mornin'. Wonder why they don't shed in the day time? Must be the mune had sumthin' to do it.

Cats, unlike the other insecks, don't have no stingers. The bumbelbee has. I once caught a bumbelbee, an' give it to a cat. Cats don't like bees, espesshy them what has splinters in their talze, which this had. The thing stung all the way down, an' half way back again; that cat run about seventeen miles an' then dropped down by the shady side of a stayhack an' quickly, without warnin', he hastily died a sudden death all at once, for want o' breath.

Once when Jack an' me was playin' fishin' in our well with a tom-cat tied to a string, Jack got hurt. He had the cat down in the well, waitin' for a bite, an' when his back was turned it crawled up the brick curb an' clawed the sap outen him. After that Jack didn't fule with cats.

I once knew a man who was wicked enough to throw a stove lid through a big tom-cat at night, and the very next day he heard that his grandmother had broken her leg in New Oricans and several other places, which proves how wicked and sinful it is to disturb the critters; and that's all I know about cats.

A "Hoss" Trade Upset by a "Previous" Woman.

A Fairfield man who is somewhat addicted to trafficking has a poor opinion of women as aids in these matters. It happened thus: Upon a recent beautiful Sabbath, when the sun shone bright and warm upon the glittering snow, worn by frequent hoof-beats into a fine road, and the tinkling of the merry sleigh bells rang out enticingly upon the winter air, the gentleman invited his much better-half to join the merry throng. Harnessing his horse they started for Waterville, and passing through the village they found themselves upon the plains blow. Now it so happened that this gentleman "swapped" horses once with a Frenchman living there and, notwithstanding the sacredness of the day, the ruling passion seized upon him and he essayed to trade. He expatiated upon the virtues of the horse and said that he had owned him three months. At this point his better half broke in with "you have owned him more than eight!" He gave her a nudge with his elbow and proceeded. "I would not sell him," he said, "but I expect to go on an extended tour in a few weeks." "Oh, Ben," said the wife, in horrified accents, "you ain't going away, either." That settled it. Slowly and sadly the horse was pulled into the road and pointed for home, while criminations and recriminations were the order of the day. The journey home was not so joyous as the start, and it is a settled fact that when that gentleman contemplates a horse trade he will leave his wife at home.—*Lewiston Gazette.*

What He Found in His Soup.

Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Sunday, while John Capura was eating his dinner, he proceeded to fill his plate from a tureen of broth and stew. In doing so he lifted out a section of steer's jaw, and dropped to his seat, paralyzing the rest of the boarders with the exclamation: "Jerusalem, boys! I've struck a bonanza in the soup-bowl!" He lifted out the jaw, and it was seen that the teeth were apparently coated with gold, some very thickly, others carrying only a film. The balance of the jaw was speedily fished out, and both pieces are now on exhibition.

The animal contributing this curious freak in dentistry was a four-year-old steer, born and raised on the Lagomarsino ranch on the Truckee river. It has been fed and watered exclusively at the ranch, at a pond twelve feet in diameter, dug out of the hard, marly, ferrinaceous cement, and in summer at the river bank. No traces of gold can be seen around the locality, and even were they plentiful the freak would still be an anomaly.

Wasted Sympathy.

Peter Osterhout is one of the most rascally negroes in Galveston. He was caught stealing poultry, and brought up before the justice.

"The evidence," said the judge, "shows that you stole the chickens from Col. Jones' hen coop, and the fine should be five dollars, but I'll let you off this time."

"Who wants ter be let off?" exclaimed the prisoner. "I steals my chickens, and I pays my fine, and don't ask nuffin ob nobody. Dis heah mixing up sentiment and bizness am what's ruinin' de kentry."—*Texas Siftings.*

Sadly Degenerated by Cupid.

Boston Courier.

"Have you noticed how Mary D. has changed of late?" asked a stately beauty, caressing a diminutive black-and-tan, whose collar was ornamented with silver bells.

"What's the matter with her?" was the query.

"Why, you know she was married last week, and her maid informs me that she has not fed her dog once since her marriage; has scarcely noticed him in fact. She actually seems to prefer the society of her husband.

Exclamations of astonishment.

A Young Man's Cupidity.

Father—Are you sure that Featherly loves you? Perhaps he wants to marry you for your money.

Daughter (an heiress)—Yes, I am sure he loves me, papa. He swears that he has worshipped me from the first moment that he saw me.

Father—Where did he first see you?

Daughter—At Coney Island.

Father—Were you dressed in a bathing suit?

Daughter—Yes.

Father—My fears are realized. He is after your money.

There are a number of eligible young men in Pembina county, Dakota, but no young women. They have pooled their issues and deputed one of their number to go to Boston to secure wives for the rest.

Miscellany.

THE RING AND THE MIRROR.

And What Part They Had in Bringing About a Wedding.

New York Times.

"There was a bridal couple put up here a few nights ago," said the proprietor of an uptown hotel last evening, "who owe their first meeting to an incident, or rather a series of incidents, which occurred in the very room where they slept last night. It's a very pretty story, all told, and will lay away over any ordinary feat of imagination. Through pure luck and active reasoning faculties a young fellow has won the prettiest little sweetheart one could wish. He is himself smart and handsome, and holds a responsible position as agent for a large hardware firm in the west. He has stopped at my house when he was in town for three years and over.

"The first act in the romance I am telling you occurred about a year ago, and the scene was laid in room No 26, second floor, front. A bell boy came to me on the evening in question and said the gentleman in No. 26 wished to see me at my convenience. I went up stairs and found Jimmy—we always called him by his first name here. I found him sitting on his sofa admiring a neat little diamond ring, which flashed in the gaslight like an electric spark. It was a lady's ring, and must needs have had a very slender little finger to fit it. It occurred to me that the ring was for his intended, and that he was going to tell me all about it. It is quite natural, you see, for an enthusiastic young lover to make a confidant of a friend. It somehow boils over in 'em and will out. Why, I had a man old enough—but never mind that. I'll finish the first story before I begin another.

"I smiled, first at the ring and then at Jimmy. 'A!' said I, 'Allow me to congratulate you,' and was about to ask who the fortunate young lady might be. He laughed pleasantly, said he was cut out for a bachelor, just as all young fellows do. Then he went on to explain about the ring. It seemed he had dropped some loose change on the sofa and it had slid down into the lining. In feeling around for it he had fished out the ring. We examined it for some mark of identification, but found nothing except a simple letter 'S' engraved on the inner side. That was certainly rather a small clue to the owner, but we used it for all it was worth. We searched our register for over a year back, taking every name opposite room No. 26 which began with an S. We had about a dozen Smiths, two or three Shorts, a Shanks and other names to the number of 30 or more. We wrote to each to know if they had lost a valuable ring, and asked them to write and describe it if they had. Only about half a dozen answered, and none of them had lost a ring.

"Jimmy went from here to Philadelphia, and then to Washington. It was about three weeks before he showed up at the hotel here again. Of course he inquired about the ring the first thing. 'If ever we discover the fair owner,' he said, as he started for room No. 26, preceded by a bell boy with his satchel and pitcher of ice water, 'if ever we discover the fair owner of that ring, I shall claim the privilege of personally presenting it to her.'

"'Twenty-six,' said the clerk to a boy, who had stepped up in response to an electric call from one of the rooms. It was after 11 o'clock and I was smoking my customary good night cigar in the office. The boy came back down stairs a minute later, two steps at a time. He said Twenty six acted a little wild and wanted me to come up right away. Before I could start Jimmy came running down himself.

"'Have you got your register for 1882?' he asked nervously. I said that I had.

"'Then we'll soon know who that ring belongs to,' he added.

"We got the 1882 register, and he turned to June 3, running his eye hurriedly up and down the numbers of rooms. 'James Sheppard, wife and daughter' was scribbled opposite room Nos. 25 and 26, with the address in full, a large manufacturing town in one of the New England States.

"'The letter S in that ring stands for Sheppard,' shouted Jimmy, hilariously.

"You see, before going to bed that evening he had made preparations to shave. The mirror before which he was to perform the operation reflected the light of a gas jet on either side. Plainly cut in one corner of the glass he caught sight of the inscription, 'June 3, 1882.' From the inscription to a diamond was an easy step in a train of thought, and from a diamond to the jewelled ring found in the same room was another. It was but a natural conclusion that the diamond in the ring was the same that had cut the glass, and still more natural that the date on the glass was the date of the cut. It then became almost a certainty that the person who occupied room No. 26 on June 3, 1882, and the owner of the ring were the same.

"Well, Jimmy started east the next day, and took the ring with him. I got a letter from him a few days later saying that Miss Shephard was the owner of the ring and of a pretty face and most charming manners as well. Her parents, he wrote, were very grateful for the return of the ring, and had invited him to call again when in town. I hadn't heard from the boy since till he stopped here on his wedding trip last week. His charming young wife wore that diamond ring on the daintiest of little white fingers. As I said at the outset, they would have none but room No. 26. On the mirror just beneath the 'June 3, 1882,' they left 'February 3, 1885,' their wedding day."

Let the Other Man Walk!

Longman's Magazine.

There is in America

ARMY REMINISCENCES.

Maj. Charles E. Ellven's Paper, Read at the Meeting of the Members of the "Loyal Legion" of Northwestern Ohio.

One Sunday morning in April, 1861, while acting as superintendent of the telegraph service of the Wabash railway, and moving, by telegraphic orders, the numerous and heavy freight trains into Toledo, the manager of the city office at Lafayette called me up, and told me the rebels had at break of day opened fire upon Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. Expressing doubt as to the truth of his statement, he confirmed it, by saying that he had received the news from Cincinnati; thence it came from Louisville and the South, as at that time the southern wires were working daily. The first person in Northwestern Ohio who knew of the beginning of hostilities in a war, one result of which, was the creation of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

It is unnecessary to recount the call to arms. Within a short time, Gen. Anson Stager, who had been appointed to the charge of the military telegraph, wired me to meet him at the depot when he desired me to take charge of the office at Louisville, Ky., adding that he must have some one in whom he could trust, and that, with a knowledge but few possessed, I could be of much greater service there, than in any other branch of the army.

As the result of this interview, I soon took post at Louisville, and upon assuming the duties there, found matters in a somewhat unsettled state. The Northern wires or lines, occupying the same office room with those from the South, naturally suspicion existed, which was pleasantly recognized by both sides, and good natured efforts were constantly being made by each to obtain such items of news as might be of interest or benefit to the other. Even the instruments were at times modified to prevent the secret work on each side. Despatches upon military matters were written in cipher, which could only be read by one having the key. This was always in the custody of a trusted and confidential officer, and one cipher, at least, was in possession of only the general in command. Talk up on army movements was honorably tabooed until they became public through other channels.

Sherman was then in command, and I have often recalled the force of his statement, that a hundred men and men would be required to do the work and out for him. Many times has he sat on the opposite side of my operating table dictating or waiting to receive despatches. We often kept watch and ward together until the "wee sma' hours," and in the time store, while waiting, did he drop off head down upon the table and snooze.

I well remember Garfield's first appearance in Louisville, in my office, just after he had got on his brigadier's uniform, and was fresh from his victory over Humphrey Marshall on the big Sandy where he won his first star. He was the picturesque of soldier and scholar boy in type, jubilant and full of Mercury re-action in his appearance then, but also that of a more manly and matured character, as he appeared at the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland held in Toledo, and which was in such striking contrast with that when I saw him again, as he lay on Elberon cottage bed by the sea, the day before his death, which another of his old pals there to me would shortly follow.

At the telegraph, at the outset, were not known as military lines were without the purpose, but soon after separate wires were required, and but few months passed before all the wires within army command were exclusively under military control. New lines built upon the main through fares were put up in the usual manner with a view to permanency; but in the field they were put up in the most temporary manner possible, consistent with the use required of them. Sometimes only a gutta percha covered or insulated wire, laid upon the ground, was used. Office and instrument, I might say, were extemporized in like manner. Pocket instruments, in a case but little larger than a tobacco box (like the one here shown, which has for almost a quarter of a century been my companion) were all that were absolutely required for use in the field, as they could be attached to the wire at any place.

The use of the telegraph in many cases took the place of couriers, aides de camp, and even the mails. Conversation could be readily carried on by those who were miles apart.

I vividly recall a so-called council of war by telegraph, held while Grant was before Fort Donelson, between McClellan at Washington, Halleck at St. Louis, and Buell at Jeffersonville, Ind., where he went for the purpose, the cables across the river connecting with Louisville having been broken by rebels. From early morning until almost the following day, the officers were in the office, in close consultation, the result of which was that a large part of Buell's army—two divisions at least, Crittenden's and Thomas's—were sent to reinforce Grant. Crittenden's division arrived in time to take part in the assault, and materially helped to secure the great result of the surrender of the fort and the garrison.

The fact that such a conference was held by those generals has, so far as I know, never been made public, nor has due credit ever been given Gen. Buell individually, nor his command as an army, for the aid he and it gave Grant in not only at Donelson, but also at Shiloh. I am glad to note that Grant has lately, though tardily, acknowledged that given at Shiloh, but that given at Donelson he ignored in his proper credit. If it had not been for Buell's material aid in battle, as well as the moral support by moving upon the rebel rear, Bowling Green and Nashville-Shiloh, I fully believe, would have never been fought.

Right here I'll say a word about Gen. Buell. Assigned to the command of the forces in Kentucky, he came to Louisville, established his headquarters on one of the streets and opposite a hill with whom he came in contact with an air of business and confidence, which always follows the actions of a man who knows what he is about. Of medium, or perhaps rather under the average size, stoutly built, erect and firm on his feet straight, looked you squarely in the eye, in an air of self-possession, yet kindly expression, reserved manners, a good listener, quiet, yet firm in his decisions, a rigid disciplinarian, resulting in much personal unpopularity because his purpose was misunderstood by subordinates, and also resulted in that which enabled the Army of the Cumberland to face and endure what no other army did, and come out of the war intact as an organization, and under the same name with which it went in. Even in the earlier days of the war, from Nashville to Shiloh, the march of his army per day, in spite of the mud and weather, was equal to that of veterans later on.

With an army, including all on detached service, scarcely exceeding at any one time 60,000 men, and rarely over 55,000 under his immediate personal command, he helped Grant at Donelson and at Shiloh, captured Nashville, took possession and held Kentucky and all of Tennessee east and north of the Tennessee river, planned and even led successfully over the mountain a practicable route for his artillery, for the purpose of, or preparatory to, a raid through the South similar to that of the march to the sea, confronted Bragg's army, more than twice the number of that under his own immediate command, changed front three times thus forcing Bragg to decline offered battle where position and discipline would have almost been certain to have insured the defeat of the rebel army, forcing it to make long detours, which enabled him to gain time to reach Louisville ahead of Bragg, receive reinforcements, reorganize his army into corps, re-equip and re-clothe it while on the march, drive Bragg out of Kentucky into Tennessee, and preserved those states to the Nation ata time so critical, the benefit accruing to our cause would have secured the recognition of the Confederacy by foreign governments, and made it a fixed fact. All this was done without the loss of the value of nearly $25,000,000 of munitions of war exposed to capture, and also with scarcely the loss of a man, except such as was the result of disobedience of orders.

Gen. Buell was among the first to ask, as he did by telegraph, for permission to feed and clothe negroes hanging about his camps, and to use them in building railroads, forts, and like service in the place of his soldiers; but the request was denied, because Congress had not then passed the necessary laws authorizing the use of public property for such purposes. He was tried by court of inquiry and acquitted on the report of its finding, as well as his own reports as commanding general, have as yet, I believe, never been published; and in one case, it is said, been abstracted from the files of the War department.

But this, however, was not the only case during the war, where those in power pulled down those who were not.

The first news of the battle of Shiloh reached us in very meagre shape, on account of the poor working of the single wire that was built by Buell's army, and the stormy weather; the nearest offices being at Savannah and Waynesboro. Then came more detailed accounts and urgent appeals for surgeons and hospital supplies. Naturally anxious for some of his own family in Wood's division of Buell's army, which was reported to have reinforced Grant, I sought and obtained leave to go to Pittsburg Landing, as the battle field was then known, and got away on the first boat, the steamer E. H. Fairchild, one of the finest on the river.

I was placed in charge of the police arrangements of the hospital department on board, and had orders to call at Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river to get despatches for Gen. Halleck, who was *en route* for Grant's headquarters about the time the battle was on, expecting to be there at the time of the junction of Grant's and Buell's forces, as he outranked both. The question of which of which of the generals was the ranking officer had to be settled by an appeal to the war department, so nearly alike were their commissions dated, as will be seen by a reference to the army register of that year. Both, I think, were promoted about the same time. I recollect the dispatches of inquiry sent and received to settle this point.

We arrived at Pittsburg Landing about 4 o'clock in the morning, and run alongside the steamer Continental, Gen. Halleck's headquarters. I delivered my dispatch to Col. McKibben, of Halleck's staff, afterward, I believe, member of Congress from California, who didn't relish, judging from his select language, being roused out of his berth at such an unseasonable hour. His appearance in jack boots, underclothing, a military cloak over his shoulders, wearing a fatigue cap, was striking, if not tasteful. He wasn't in the best of humor at the unceremonious call, but became more gracious when my errand was known, and directed me to report to Gen. Halleck at 10 o'clock, which I did. The remark I heard in all quarters about Gen. Grant were not at all complimentary. He was then practically under arrest, as I understood the case, and restricted to his quarters on board the steamer Tigress. When I saw him, again later, on the occasion of my next trip to the front, his headquarters (if they could be called such, as he was still without a command), were in a plain frame house, remote from others, some distance back from the landing.

Grant's appearance at this time, as shown by a photograph of him taken shortly before, now in my possession, gave no evidence of the future greatness he afterward achieved, but rather otherwise. He was, like Buell, rather undersized; wearing an unusually long, heavy beard, which covered his face and reached down upon his breast; this, together with his then characteristic lack of soldierly and even tidy appearance, detracted much from the position he occupied, and no doubt helped at that time to confirm the then prevalent opinion that he was a failure; as in all the battles in which he had been engaged, and where he was in command, he had been worsted in each case, and in the most important—Donelson as well as at Shiloh, he was practically defeated until reinforcements came and turned defeat into victory.

The battle field of Shiloh, as I first saw it, presented a remarkable appearance, and is yet vividly impressed upon my mind. The work of shot and shell left one in doubt how any on that field escaped death, so marked were the effects upon the trees and other objects, visible in every direction. As I wandered over the ground in search of my party, I was repeatedly stopped and required to show my pass from Gen. Halleck, which I still preserve, with the one given me by Gen. Buell on the field. So great was the confusion that even headquarters were not easy to find, division and brigade headquarters still less so; hence I was unable to find the headquarters of Wood's division until Sunday. Still I was in search, from early morning until nearly midnight; and where I at last arrived, some seven miles at the rear, tired, hungry, "all torn up in my mind," and tumbling down upon a bed of straw, I tried to sleep off a most excruciating headache brought on by my fatigue and lack of food. I was relieved from anxiety somewhat when told at Buell's headquarters that the division had not been under fire.

I returned to Louisville with nearly 200 Federal and Confederate wounded on board the steamer, some of whom had lain upon the field with wounds undressed since the first day of the battle. They, however, had the best of care on board the steamer, and the services of some of the most noted surgeons in the country, who had responded to the call made when the battle was on.

While at Nashville I became well acquainted with Governor (afterward President) Andrew Johnson. I was daily at his office at the capitol, boarded at the same house and sat at the same table with his private secretary and secretary of state, and hence had many opportunities of knowing much of his character as a politician and as a statesman.

As a politician I think he was as arrant a demagogue as ever lived; catering to all parties for the purpose of gratifying his ambition to reach the Presidency. Disappointed in not receiving the nominat on at Charleston, where his private secretary often told me he was repeatedly tendered that of Vice-President, he became a nominal unionist, and proyked the hostility of the Southern people, especially, many of his former political associates, who heaped contumely as well as insult upon him, which, through his intense stubbornness, drove him entirely to the Northern side. The same character stic also provoked his impeachment.

As a man he had much to admire. I saw many acts of his kindness toward needy East Tennessee refugees, who barely crawled out from the mountains of that part of the state to Nashville; and a frequent division of raiment, as well as of purse, with them, which commanded my highest admiration. I learned to regard him highly, and was honored by his remembrance of me, while he was President, and I have been admitted into his presence for private consultation upon matters of which I knew I had information, and kept there, by the exclusion, and, judging by the remarks they made, much to the disgust of prominent persons who sought audience with him, and knew me not. He lived in troublous times, and died with a stain upon his reputation, not fairly deserved, and which, I fear, future historians will not be able or take pains to remove.

Of those members of the telegraph corps, especially those who held prominent positions, had to them many ludicrous conflicts of authority with generals and subordinate officers. A *special* general field order had removed the corps from under the command of all but the general in chief, and the officers of their own corps. This became necessary to keep the wire at all times under control of those entitled to it. Next month we will have from *Godey's* a new story by Christian Reid, called "An Instrument of Separation," which promises to be very interesting. The short stories in the April number are good and strong, "Miss Hobbs" particularly. A timely article on "The Soudan" opens a possible series, which will doubtless interest the readers of *Godey's*. The presidential series closes this month with Grover Cleveland. Published by J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

It is not necessary to say anything in especial praise of this excellent family magazine to those who have had the pleasure of reading it. The April number is fresh and interesting, opening with a lively sketch of Annapolis, which is followed by a description of Westminster Abbey, and this again by a prettily-illustrated poem of "A Child's Mission." The serial "A Strange Girl" is continued and keeps up its interest. There are some bright short stories, an article upon "China Painting at Home," the usual "Review of Fashions," which is a great help to home dressmakers, the "World's Progress in Science, Art and Literature," full of things worth knowing, and other attractions, all of which make an excellent number. W. Jennings Demorest, 17 E. 14th street, New York. Annual subscription, $2.

SICK HEADACHE.—Thousands who have suffered intensely with sick headache say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has completely cured them. One gentleman thus relieved, writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Reader, if you are a sufferer with sick headache, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. It will do you positive good. Made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Labor Thrown Away.

Some enthusiastic Democrat has spent a great deal of time getting up the following:

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Can be read upward of 5,000 different ways by starting with the center letter C and taking the most zigzag course to any of the four corners, viz., "Cleveland is our President."

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without a blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due,
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show."

This is the poet's description of a woman whose physical condition was in a perfectly sound and healthy state, with every function acting properly, and is the enviable condition of its fair patrons produced by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Any druggist.

Recent Literature.

THE DRAGON AND THE TEA KETTLE. An Experience, and The Doppleganger. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. National Temperance Society and Publication House.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House has just published a first class book from the pen of Mrs. J. McNair Wright, entitled "The Dragon and the Tea Kettle," written in her usual captivating and interesting style. The title of the book is the name of a cheap coffee-house in England which one proprietor established directly opposite a gorgeous gin-palace, that she might better fight the drink which had done her harm. It drew away from the saloon many a customer, and did a steady, quiet work in reclaiming those who had fallen through strong drink. It gives useful hints pertaining to the successful conduct of coffee rooms, and at the same time gives a most interesting story of those who frequented this particular one. 16 mo, 288 pages. Price $1. Address J. N. Stearns, publishing agent, 58 Reade street, New York.

CURIOUS NOTIONS, ETC. Jotted Down in Strange Times. New and Illustrated Edition. Greatly enlarged. Allen & Johnston, Belfast.

This is a little book filled with paragraphs short and pithy, and illustrations of them, intended to show the horrors of whisky drinking. It is aimed full at the terrible evil and enforces the lesson taught by apt and humorous stories and witty sayings. The following is a specimen:

The truth about the sparkling glass
Thus to your hearts consign;
Who drinks a little is an ass,
Who drinks too much—a swine.

THE HUNTER SIFTER COOK BOOK. A Collection of New and Valuable Receipts. and Information for every Housekeeper. Price, 38. Hunter Sifter Manufacturing Company. Cincinnati and New York.

This seems to be a collection of good receipts, chosen with reference to economy in the kitchen rather than to rich living. It will undoubtedly be a help to the housekeeper who buys it.

THE JUVENILE TEMPERANCE RECITER. No. 2 Edited by Miss L. Penn. The National Temperance Society and Publication House. New York.

This is a collection of recitations and declamations in prose and verse for the use of Sunday schools, Bands of Hope, Juvenile Temples, Temperance schools, and all juvenile organizations. This is intended to assist in forming a love for temperance in the hearts of children.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LOCKS. By E. W. Howe. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Mr. Howe's second novel is not as good as his first, but it is interesting, effective and amusing. The story is tragic and the same gloomy atmosphere hangs over it which pervades "The Story of a Country Town." In this book, as in the other, the scene is laid in a wretched, sordid and hopeless community, a village in which the decrepitude of age and decay has overtaken the newness and poverty of unprosperous youth. Davy's Bend is a disappointed river town, ruined by the sudden growth of Ben's City further down the stream. There is something pathetic in the life of such a town, although it is so hopelessly mean and common, and nobody has ever described it so finely as Mr. Howe. He seems to take a melancholy delight in making real to us the vulgarity, the squalor, the mental and moral stagnation of a type of American society which has probably no parallel in the world—for the purposes of fiction he may be called its discoverer—he describes it with evident personal feeling; but it is a characteristically American trait that he has a keen sense of the drollside of the case, an unaffected enjoyment of whatever is ludicrous in failure, shabbiness, pretence, and littleness.

The National Temperance Society has lately added twelve new tracts to their Series of Children's Illustrated Tracts. The titles are as follows:

No. 125, "The Devil's Trap;" No. 124, "Puss and the Crab;" No. 125, "Milk is Better than Cider;" No. 126, "Sign the Pledge at School:" "No. 127, "Poison! Poison!" No. 128, "Drunkenness," No. 129, "A Brave Boy;" No. 130, "Beware of his Paws;" No. 131, "Like a Gentleman;" No. 132, "Who Won't you ask Jesus?" No. 133, "What Came of Drinking to Success;" No. 134, "Who Got Them in his Place?" 18mo, 4 pages each; price, $2 per 1,000; postage 24 cents per 1,000, by mail. Address J. N. Stearns, publishing agent, 58 Reade street, New York.

The following new pieces of music come from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. Their names are: Leila, [35 cts.], waltz-song by W. H. Edwards; Outery, [40 cts.], song by Frederick H. Cowen; Abide with me, fast falls the Eventide, [30 cts.], sacred song by C. L. Dorr; From the desert I come to thee, [30 cts.], song by Sonia Bonney; Christmas Joy, Tyrolienne, [35 cts.], by F. Weber; Happy New Year Waltz, [30 cts.], one of three pretty and easy waltzes, by Lizzie H. Owens; West End March, [35 cts.], by C. L. Dorr; President's Inauguration March, [30 cts.], by Francis Mueller.

THE QUIVER.

The April number of this magazine has a long and attractive table of contents suited for both Sunday and general reading. Among the articles are "Reserve Force in Character," "Treasure for Trying," Secret Faults," "Sir James Laurenne's Warning," "Church Work in South London," "Sandy's Diamond," "The Best Place to Find the Bible in," "The Story of a Quaker School," "On Living to Ourselves," "In Membership," "Dorothy Clements," and many others, exceedingly attractive to those who are looking for good reading. Cassell & Co., New York, $1.50 per year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

The April number comes to us as a pleasant mid-Lenten indulgence. The number is an excellent one, embellished by a suggestive front spiece, "At Prayer," and many other attractions of the usual character. A very winning story, called "Beauty's Child," opens this number, and "Janie" is brought to a conclusion. Next month we will have from *Godey's* a new story by Christian Reid, called "An Instrument of Separation," which promises to be very interesting. The short stories in the April number are good and strong, "Miss Hobbs" particularly. A timely article on "The Soudan" opens a possible series, which will doubtless interest the readers of *Godey's*. The presidential series closes this month with Grover Cleveland. Published by J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

It is not necessary to say anything in especial praise of this excellent family magazine to those who have had the pleasure of reading it. The April number is fresh and interesting, opening with a lively sketch of Annapolis, which is followed by a description of Westminster Abbey, and this again by a prettily-illustrated poem of "A Child's Mission." The serial "A Strange Girl" is continued and keeps up its interest. There are some bright short stories, an article upon "China Painting at Home," the usual "Review of Fashions," which is a great help to home dressmakers, the "World's Progress in Science, Art and Literature," full of things worth knowing, and other attractions, all of which make an excellent number. W. Jennings Demorest, 17 E. 14th street, New York. Annual subscription, $2.

SICK HEADACHE.—Thousands who have suffered intensely with sick headache say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has completely cured them. One gentleman thus relieved, writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Reader, if you are a sufferer with sick headache, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. It will do you positive good. Made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Labor Thrown Away.

Some enthusiastic Democrat has spent a great deal of time getting up the following:

TNEDISERPRUOSIDNALEVELANDISOURPRESIDENT
NEDISERPRUOSOURPRESIDENTEDISERPRUOSISOURPRESIDENTDISERPRUOSIDISOURPRESIDENTSERPRUOSIDNDISOURPRESIDENTERPRUOSIDNALANDISOURPRESIDENTRPRUOSIDNALELANDISOURPRESIDENTPRUOSIDNALEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTRUOSIDNALEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTUOSIDNALEVELEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTOSIDNALEVELCLEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTSIDNALEVELEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTIDNALEVELEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTDNALEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTNALEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTALEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTLEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTEVELANDISOURPRESIDENTVELANDISOURPRESIDENTELANDISOURPRESIDENTLANDISOURPRESIDENTANDISOURPRESIDENTNDISOURPRESIDENTDISOURPRESIDENTISOURPRESIDENTSOURPRESIDENTOURPRESIDENTURPRESIDENTRPRESIDENTPRESIDENTRESIDENTESIDENTSIDENTIDENTDENTENTNTT

Can be read upward of 5,000 different ways by starting with the center letter C and taking the most zigzag course to any of the four corners, viz., "Cleveland is our President."

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without a blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due,
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show."

This is the poet's description of a woman whose physical condition was in a perfectly sound and healthy state, with every function acting properly, and is the enviable condition of its fair patrons produced by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Any druggist.

WE TOO, HAVE TESTED IT.

To the Public:

In view of the harmful results which so frequently attend the use of so-called patent or proprietary cough syrups containing morphia, opium and other equally dangerous drugs, the undersigned, physicians of Maryland, take pleasure in endorsing the official opinions expressed by the Commissioner of Health of Baltimore; Dr. Samuel K. Cox, analytical chemist, of Washington, and other authorities, to the effect that the RED STAR COUGH CURE is not only a perfectly harmless, but at the same time an original and most effective remedy, and that it commends itself alike for being entirely vegetable—free from opiates, poisons and narcotics—and for its prompt efficacy, as demonstrated by practical tests.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 12, 1885.

C. FAWCETT, M. D.,
For thirty-three years Resident Physician Union Protestant Infirmary.

J. J. GROSS, M. D.,
St. Vincent Hospital.

J. D. FISKE, M. D.,
Port Physician.

S. R. MORSE, M. D.,
Marine Hospital.

CHAS. W. FILLER, M. D.,
Physician to Fire Department.

JAMES GORE, M. D.,
Baltimore County, Maryland.

JOHN J. CALDWELL, M. D.,
Author of "Electro-Therapeutics," &c., and Member of Medical Societies of New York, Brooklyn and Baltimore.

For centuries it has been contended that a cough medicine to be effective must contain morphia, opium, or some other equally dangerous drug, and to-day nearly every cough mixture in the market has for its base some one of these deadly poisons. A purely vegetable and at the same time efficacious cough cure has been considered an impossibility. The harmful, and at times fatal results attending the use of morphia and opium cough mixtures are of common occurrence everywhere, and in every part of the Union deaths have, according to the testimony of physicians and coroners, resulted from the use of these dangerous preparations. It is for this reason that medical authorities and leading public men speak so emphatically of the importance and value of the discovery of Red Star Cough Cure. Governor McLean and Attorney-General Roberts, of Maryland; Mayor Latrobe and Postmaster Adreon, of Baltimore, and other well known officials of Federal, State and Municipal governments have publicly certified to the harmlessness and marked efficacy of Red Star Cough Cure. Every one will find it a safe, sure cure. It is entirely free from opiates, narcotics, emetics and poisons. It leaves no bad effects. It does not derange the system. It is pure, pleasant, prompt. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine throughout the United States at fifty cents a bottle. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW CHRIST LOOKED.

A Remarkable Production Regarding Christ and His Followers.

"Did you ever see that piece of blank verse that Story the sculptor wrote some years ago about Christ and his followers?" asked a literary man of a BLADE reporter. "If you come with me I will give you a copy of it. You see Story is not only a sculptor, but has literary talent of no mean order. He, it seems, takes great pleasure in looking over ancient manuscripts, of which Rabbinical compositions, as he moves in the most aristocratic circles, he has access to in the best libraries in the city. Among the remarkable productions he found, the most interesting, perhaps, was that of a letter written by a Roman lawyer named Marcus, who visited Jerusalem 25 years after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. At Jerusalem he became acquainted with a man named Lysius, who was an officer in that city. This man Lycius was well acquainted with Christ, and gave Marcus a full description of him. Marcus became much interested in what he heard about Christ that he carefully noted down what Lycius had told him about Christ and his followers, and sent it to a friend named Cainus, in Rome. Story took what Marcus had written and from it gave to the world, in blank verse, a faithful description of what Marcus had written to his friend in Rome. It is certainly a most entertaining production." It begins with a view of Christ as he appeared to Lysius:

Tall, slender, not erect, a little bent;
Brows arched and dark; a big ridged, lofty head;
Thin temples, veined and delicate, large eyes;
Sad, very serious, seeming as it were
To look beyond you, and when'er he spoke
Illumed by an inner lamping light—
At times, too, gleaming with a strange, wild fire
When taunted by the rabble in the streets;
A Jewish face, complexion pale and dark;
Thin, high-art nostrils, quivering constantly;
Long nose, full lips, hands tapering full of veins;
His movements nervous; as he walked he seemed
Scarcely to touch the ground, so light he passed,
And for the most part gazed upon the ground,
"As for his followers, I know them all—
A strange, mad set, and full of fancies wild—
John, Peter, James and Judas, band of all—
All seemed to me good men, without offense—
A little crazed—but who is wholly sane?
They went about and cured the sick and halt,
And drove away the devils from the souls
And all their talk was charity and peace.
Of Christus thought, and said he was a god,
'Twas harmless madness not deserving death.
Wherefore I most grieved the guilty Rabbi's rage
Was that he set the poor against the rich,
And cried that rich men all would go to hell,
And worst of all roundly denounced the priests,
With all their rich phylacteries and robes,—
Said they were by pocrites who made long pray ers
And robbed poor widows and devour d their means.
And were at best but whited sepulchres;
Said they were by pocrites who made long pray ers
And robbed poor widows and devour d their means.
And were at best but whited sepulchres;
Those who went with h m and believed in him
Were mostly dull, uneducated men,
Simple and honest, dazed by what he d d,
And inconceiving every word he said.
He led them with him in a spell-bound awe,
And all his cures they called miraculous.
They followed him like sheep where'er he went
With feelings mixed of wonder, fear and love.
Yes! I suppose they loved him, though they fled
Stricken with fear when we arrested him."

Life in the Paris Sewers

is possible, for a short time to the robust, but the majority of refined persons would prefer immediate death to existence in their reeking atmosphere. How much more revolting to be in one's self a *living sewer*. But this is actually the case with those in whom the inactivity of the liver drives the refuse matter of the body to escape through the lungs, breath, the pores, kidneys and bladder. It is astonishing that life remains in such a dwelling. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" restores normal purity to the system and renews the whole being.

For the Dining Room.

The fashionable sandwich is made of minced chicken and truffles.

Veal and ham pie being English, have increased in favor in this country.

Greek lace table covers are shown that range in price from $50 to $300.

Sir Henry Thompson advocates three hearty meals a day; so do tramps.

Nobody serves cake at dinner parties any more, It is considered old-fashioned.

Salad luncheon parties are the rage during Lent, eight and ten different kinds being served.

The Paris *Figaro* denies with great indignation that French cookery is receding. This settles it.

Curried lobster is a very good dish for those who want to see the royal family when they go to sleep.

Spinach and rice are the two things that the generality of hotel cooks do not as yet understand how to prepare.

Macaroni and lettuce are numbered among the new salads. They ought to be eaten when there is no one looking.

Good terrapin are worth $40 a dozen. This is probably the reason why they are not served at boarding houses.

A beautiful tablecover is of peacock blue plush, with a deep Moorish border applied around the sides, worked in two shades of the same blue on a ground of ecru cheese cloth of scrim canvas. The cross stitches are large, being worked over three threads each way of the canvas, with the embroidery cotton taken double. The cover is lined with sateen and the edge is finished with a thick cord with a large tassel of chenille and crimped silk at each corner.

Rever.

MRS. HELEN LEIKEM, West McHenry, Ill., two years ago used Warner's SAFE Nervine for complete nervous prostration. August, 1884, she wrote, "I have never enjoyed such good health, have had no return of my old trouble." Try it,

The Camp Fire.

Chat Around the Fire.

A. B. Warner writes: "In the CAMP FIRE of February 26 I inadvertently stated that the children of Joseph Griffith, of Grapevine, Texas, were three small girls. Here are a few lines taken from a letter just received: 'My oldest is 17, my next about 16, and the youngest 14. In the fall they can make a little picking cotton, but there is no other work girls can get to do to make anything.'"

G. W. M., Co. E, 31st Indiana, believes that the veterans should stick together and "vote as they shot." He wishes some one would write up the Atlanta campaign and Hood's raid to Nashville.

C. Kleffman, Trivoli, Ill., writes: Please make corrections. In my letter to the CAMP FIRE, you make me say the 1st Missouri instead of the 11th Missouri. You also get my name considerably mixed up when you make it read 'S. K. Kauffman.'"

John Brown, Co. E, 99th Indiana, Morocco, Ind., asks some one to write up the capture of Ft. McAllister.

L. D., Vincent, N. Y., formerly U. S. Secret Service, writes: A Mobile paper, the morning after the explosion, had this incident: "Acting Master W. Harcourt, U. S. N., commanding U. S. vessel Narcissus, while the shells were exploding and flying in every direction, ran to the assistance of a man who had been caught under a falling wall and rescued him. This gallant officer risked his life in the performance of the noble deed, and we are glad to state that he was not injured."

A friend sends notice of the death of Wm. Shinn, Co. K, 20th Illinois, at Odin, Ill., on February 20. He was at a protracted meeting, and had just been addressing the audience on the necessity of preparation for death. As he finished, he sat down, leaned his head on his wife's shoulder and ceased to breathe.

J. F. Klotz, Co. E, 21st Iowa, Atkinson, Mo., favors land warrants. He says: "If they had a warrant they could file it on a quarter section of land, and keep it, to have something to fall back on. The way the soldiers' homestead law now stands, it is more of an injury than a benefit."

Speaking of Comrade Griffin, William Hecker, Co. F, 36th Ohio, Chester Hill, O., writes: "In reading the lamentable story I was sadly affected, and was made to exclaim deep down in my heart, 'The Lord pity the poor soldier,' as I am a disabled soldier myself, and am not able to work but little, and I prayed that God would put it in the hearts of Congress to do something more for the soldier. I am not sorry that I took a part in the great struggle, but I am sorry to think that the poor crippled soldier is left unrespected and unrewarded, and were I able I would like to help all such in need. I am not a pensioner myself yet I applied almost five years ago, and am still left out in the cold. I believe if our congressmen could put themselves in our places for one year they would be ready to do the right thing for us. Some comrades say vote as you shot, and I say so too; but sometimes I think that there was not enough of shooting done, especially if we judge from the present appearance of things."

E. W. Gibbs, Co. E, 11th Ohio:

I have been reading the BLADE but a short time, and in that little time I have learned to love it, especially the CAMP FIRE. I was one of the boys who marched down the Tennessee river to head the rebels off at Loudon, Tenn. We met them and drove them back over the river. The next morning they came after us, but fast. I was at the fight at Campbell's Station, and we marched on to Knoxville in the siege.

A Story of Twin Brothers.

The letter given below illustrates the adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction." It is one of the most interesting war incidents that has come under the editor's notice:

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

In September, 1862, the 80th Indiana was organized at Princeton. All of the neighbor boys were enlisting, and then it became a trying question who should go, myself or my twin brother. Our parents were old, and could not bear the idea of our being separated. But the love for our country conquered; and on the next Sunday morning we brothers assembled at the barn to hold a council of war, and it was decided that John (my twin brother) should go. The separation seemed almost death to me. The regiment was ordered into Kentucky January 22, 1863. Soon after I received a letter from John, saying that he was sick, and would like to have me come and see him. As soon as possible I went to him, and found him at Elizabethtown, in the hospital. At the time of his enlistment he was 18 years old and very fleshy. I found him merely a shadow of his former self. I immediately applied for him a furlough. But, alas, the captain said it was impossible. I knew he would die if I left him, so I then proposed to Capt. Ragel and Lieut. McConnel that I should take his place in the regiment, and him return home for awhile. To this they consented, providing I would not tell the regimental officers. The following night I left the hospital and went down to camp. The boys appeared to think hospital life agreed with me, thinking I was John. John left for home immediately, and I entered upon camp-life.

Then it was discovered that John had left the hospital, the doctor was in great trouble, and was going to raise a terrible racket because of his leaving without permission, but the captain told him to keep quiet, that John Walker was in camp and on duty, so that settled it. They put me on guard that morning and gave me a gun and told me to be ready for guard mount. When the drum beat and the guards fell in I was so scared I didn't know what I was doing. I got into the rear rank and got one of the boys to help me. It seemed to me that they were all looking at me, and knew of the change. When the adjutant gave the command to "shoulder arms," I kept the butt of my gun on the ground, and the adjutant called for "that man to get his gun to his shoulder." I turned and twisted and came near fainting. Some one of my comrades came up behind me and helped me to get it placed in the right position.

Away we went down the railroad to guard the bridge. When we arrived the corporal told me that my time for being on guard would not come till 12 o'clock, and that I might go back to camp. I did not know it was against orders for men on guard to lay off their equipments, so I off with all of mine and piled them up with my gun and made for camp. In about half an hour the colonel came down to water his horse in the creek and saw my equipments, and asked the corporal who they belonged to? He replied, to one of the Co. K's men, and he was told to go and get that man and bring him to his quarters. The corporal came and delivered his message to me. I told him I knew nothing about the laws. He told me to go to camp and he would go to the colonel. The colonel ordered him to ranks. I had a half mile to go, and I think I went in about a minute.

I finally got accustomed to the rules and had no more trouble; also, I got accustomed to being called John. We drilled for two months every day, and the officers never knew the difference, and but very few of the company. On May 1 there was an order to give a ten days' furlough to all of our soldiers. I came home on my furlough. By this time John had entirely recovered, and returned on my furlough to Co. K, and served his time out. We now live near Carlisle, Sullivan county, Ind.; and boys, when you come this way, you will always find friends to the soldier.

MARTIN WALKER.

Co. K, 50th Indiana.

The Battle of Shiloh.

J. T. Crooks, Co., F, 49th Ohio, Toledo, O.:

I was one of Buell's men, arriving at the scene of battle on Monday morning, about 10 o'clock. We could hardly land from our boat on account of the stragglers. They would jump on the boat before we could get out the gang plank and hardly stop for the bayonet. We marched up the bank and formed in the following order: 49th Ohio, Lieut. Col. A. M. Blackman; 15th Ohio, Col. Dickey; 33d Indiana, Col. Willick; 39th Indiana, Col. Kirk, forming the 6th brigade, (commanded by Col. William H. Gibson, of the 49th Ohio), 2d division, A. D. McCook commanding. Our brigade was ordered to support a Kentucky brigade that was being pressed very hard. The Johnnies captured a battery from them. They retook it, and the rebels again retook it, when the Kentucky brigade gave way. Gen. McCook and staff, Col. Gibson and staff, were just in the rear of the 49th when I heard Gen. McCook say to Col. Gibson, "Gibson, you will have to receive that fire." We went in then in good earnest for the balance of the day. I think I speak the sentiments of all of the 6th brigade when I say there was a great surprise to our boys on Sunday morning, from the looks of things on the field. I should like to hear from some of the old 49th

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or questions regarding the reliability of individuals or firms engaged in business.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then offer to prove it. If we can answer it, and deem it to be of general interest, it will be answered. If it is considered necessary to request an answer in the paper itself, it will be given in the next issue.

4. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

There is a call for the 'Boatman's Dream,' written about the time of Lincoln's assassination. Have any of our readers a copy?

Reader, Hardinsburg, O.: Read the constitution of the United States. It is given in all school histories of the United States.

Your questions show you lamentably ignorant. You mix up the state legislature with Congress.

W. C. H., Kelvedon, Ia.: Write to the probate judge of the county where the property is located, inclosing stamp for reply, and he will probably give you all the information necessary. It does not matter about the name; direct 'Probate Judge.'

J. M. Vodrey burg, Ind.:

1. Does the state of Iowa bury its soldiers, or, that is, does the state pay the funeral expenses of all soldiers who enlisted in that state? 2. If so, to whom shall application be made for such? 3. Is it to whom shall application be made for such? 3. Is it a law?

1. That is so. 2. Adjutant general, Des Moines.

S. D., Dayton, O.:

1. Does the law in force now allow of silver ten cent pieces dated 1857? 2. Who offers the premiums?

1. They are quoted at fifteen cents by collectors. 2. We cannot advertise old coin dealers in these columns.

B. F. S., Rockwell City, Iowa:

1. Why do not the clouds move faster to and from the west than toward the east? 2. Is it true that ice can be put in a liquid form? Does it did so, how is your answer to have been produced?

1. They do not, unless the wind blows them in that course or unless the earth's motion overcomes that of the wind.

B. C. P., Rockfield, Ind.:

Daniel Kitzmiller was born January 17, 1800, and died February 22, 1885. How old was he? What century was he born in? What century did he die in?

He was born in the eighteenth century, which ended December 31, 1800. He was 85 years, 1 month and 5 days old.

R. E., Goshen, Ind.:

When husband and wife mutually agree to separate, the husband to support the child, can the wife compel the support of it if he does not appear against her?

There is no ground of abandonment, under two years, in Indiana, but there are other grounds. If they could be established.

Reader, Wattsburg, Pa.:

You say that the U. S. Government never issued 2 and 50 cent gold pieces. Now I think they did, because I have a gold coin of 25 cents' value and a fraction more than 50 cents' value, and a fraction more than 50 cents' value, and a fraction more than 50 cents' value,

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MARCH 19.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, one year, $1.00, six months, 50 cents, three months, 25 cents. Clubs of 11, one year, $10—one less than to agents. For club of any size, EVERY ELEVENTH COPY FREE, or the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, post-paid free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

Circulation Last Week, 121,000.

STEADILY GROWING.

The times are hard, and people in general have to economize closely in order to make both ends meet; but the intelligent class understand that a first-class newspaper is a necessity for the family, and they insist on taking one—the BLADE, for instance. Our list is on the increase, in spite of the closeness of the times, and we take it both as a compliment to the sterling qualities of the BLADE and as marking the coming of a brighter era in the business world.

The solid constituency of readers that stays by the BLADE through thick and thin, composed of the best class of the community, makes it an unexcelled medium for advertising. It is just the class that advertisers wish to reach.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Several thousand copies of this issue of the BLADE go to persons not subscribers, their friends having sent in their names for specimen copies. We ask them to examine it carefully, and if they like it, to enroll themselves on our books. We claim for the BLADE that it is the best weekly paper published in the United States, or the world, and the cheapest. It publishes more matter, it is more carefully edited, and is altogether the best for the family. Its enormous circulation in every state in the Union, is the best evidence of its value.

The terms of the BLADE are invariably:—

One Year, (post-paid,) - - $1.00.
Three Months, - - - - - 30 cents.
Six Months, - - - - - - 60 cents.

Send in your name as soon possible. Take notice of the combinations we make of books and the Waterbury Watch. Any how, examine the paper carefully.

IN the rush of the closing hours of Congress, when the various appropriation bills were hurried from one branch to the other, amendments made or rejected, and the bills turned over in hot haste to conference committees, it was the general impression that the special stamp, instant delivery clause of the Postoffice appropriation bill was lost. This impression turns out to be erroneous. The clause was retained and is now a law. It provides that a special ten-cent stamp shall be issued by the government, which, when placed on a letter, in addition to the proper postage, will insure its immediate delivery to the person addressed, by special messenger, upon its arrival at the office of destination, at any time between 7 a. m. and midnight.

The rates of paper postage to regular subscribers were also reduced by the same bill as follows: All newspapers sent from publication offices or news agencies, including sample copies, are entitled to transmission at the rate of one cent per pound. Any article in a newspaper or other publication may be marked for observation, except by written or printed words, without increase of postage.

THERE is one provision of the Postoffice appropriation bill whose adoption will be hailed by the letter writing public with delight. All letters now pay two cents on a half ounce and an extra two cents for any fraction over that weight. Multitudes of letters overrun the half ounce a trifle, and if the extra weight is not prepaid by the sender it is collected from the receiver. By this provision the postage on a letter weighing an ounce will be only two cents instead of four after June 30 next. A great many letters weigh several ounces, and they will, after that date, be charged only two cents an ounce instead of four cents as now. People in writing hereafter will not be afraid to fill up another half sheet after their letter overruns the half-ounce limit; and perhaps the many persons who send letters to the BLADE and write on both sides of their paper, will not be afraid to use a little more paper and write only on one side thereof.

THE French spoliation claims bill having become a law, the lawyers of Washington are busy hunting up the heirs of the original claimants, in order that their cases may be presented to the court of Claims. It is nearly a hundred years since the losses occurred, and more than three quarters of a century since the matter was adjusted so far as France was concerned. The claimants' heirs, however, have preserved carefully all papers in the case, and there will be little difficulty in adjusting the claims by the court. It is believed that in spite of the proverbial delays of the law, not more than two years will be required in which to settle them all. Congress will probably appropriate the first installment toward paying the judgments next session.

THE monumental check of the Democratic majority in Congress in refusing to admit Dakota to the sisterhood of states can be estimated from a few facts regarding that flourishing territory: It pays more revenue to the Postoffice department than any one of 32 states of the Union, and has a population as large as Nebraska or Connecticut, and nearly twice as large as New Hampshire, Vermont or Florida. It boasts 2,500 miles of railway, 2,000 schoolhouses, 275 newspapers, and more periodicals than any New England state except Massachusetts.

THERE is no change in heads of bureaus at Washington more unfortunate than that which deprives the country of the services of Gen. JOHN EATON, commissioner of Education. The post is one which requires special knowledge in many directions in its incumbent, and a lobby loafer or ex-rebel limb of the law will be worse in the place than to leave it unfilled.

THE Kansas legislature has passed a law making it mandatory upon the official law officer to prosecute all liquor sellers. It is probable that Prohibition will be found something more than a dead letter in that state now.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE events of the past week have not had a particularly encouraging effect upon business. The strike on the GOULD system of railways, and in the soft coal district of Pennsylvania, assumed threatening proportions, but the yielding of the management of the roads to the demand for living wages removed the fear of a repetition on an extended scale of the Pittsburg riots of 1877, and the trouble among the miners seems to be on the way to a peaceful solution. In the speculative exchanges the supposed imminence of war between England and Russia has been a factor of commanding influence, though at no time have the probabilities been so sharply defined as to give full effect to the influence which such a war is capable of exercising. The probability that the Afghan question will meet with a pacific settlement has caused prices to settle again to the fange of a week ago. There is an increase in the number of failures reported, and, altogether, the outlook for brisk times is hardly as favorable as could be desired.

CLEVELAND'S proclamation has caused the Oklahoma boomers to call a halt, and it is probable that they will disband and give up their attempt, now that they find they will have no sympathy from the new administration.

THE latest bulletin from Gen. GRANT shows the Old Hero gradually succumbing to the ravages of the cancer in his throat. His case is hopeless, and the end may come at any day. He can live but a few weeks at furthest, and his life is more probably to be numbered by days than by hours.

THE charge of the office-seeking brigade on the Postoffice department is said to be something terrific. There are thousands of postoffices, and applications, recommendations, endorsements, appeals and petitions are poured in by mail, presented in person by applicants, and urged by delegations of personal friends; and, altogether, the life of VILAS is made a weary burden to him from sun to sun. He will regret that he aided in nominating CLEVELAND if this thing goes on much longer.

IT is now thought that the present extra session of the Senate will be very brief, only lasting long enough to confirm the more important nominations that are to be made. The treaties which were recently submited for the Senate's consideration are all to be withdrawn by Sec BAYARD, who requests this in order that CLEVELAND may examine them before any action is taken as to their ratification or rejection.

THE reduction in national bank circulation for the year ending March 1, was $21,742,716. The absence of bond calls for the last three months has made the decrease in circulation for that period much less than for the preceding months.

THE war cloud hanging over Russia and England is not yet dissipated, although it now seems probable that matters may be settled without a resort to arms. The newspapers of both countries keep up a belligerent tone, and there are plenty of accusations of bad faith upon both sides. Meanwhile it is understood by both governments that there is a necessity for the settlement, once for all, of Central Asia matters, and the gravity of the situation lies in the difficulty of doing this satisfactorily. Russia's aims are well known, and England's determination is firm that they shall not be carried out to the imperiling of English interests in India. Yet neither government really wants war, so that it is probable that a long diplomatic campaign is opening, in which Russian intrigue and dissimulation will pay an important part. This is what the truce announced on last Friday between the two countries really means.

AFFAIRS in the Soudan remain about as last week. No important movements have been made, the most exciting event being the arrest at Cairo of ZEBEHR Pasha, who probably had more to do with the murder of Gen. GORDON than any one else. This man was the chief of the slave-hunters, who at one time dominated the Soudan, and with whom GORDON came into conflict when he was sent to suppress the slave trade. He lived like a prince and his influence was very great in the Soudan. After his headquarters at Darfar fell into the hands of the English he went to Cairo to demand of the Khedive the appointment of Governor General. This was refused and he was also detained in Cairo where he has since lived in a sort of nominal captivity. In 1878, his influence raised a revolt, and in its suppression by GORDON'S officer ZEBEHR'S son was killed. This commenced the feud which has since existed. There is no doubt but he has been in league with the rebels, and given them information which led to the fall of Khartoum and murder of GORDON.

THE Canadian government are much disturbed by dispatches from the Northwest territory that the half-breeds there are on the verge of rebellion. Secret meetings are held and ominous threats uttered. They believe that England and Russia are on the verge of war and that now is the time to strike a blow for their rights. Great apprehension is felt about the outcome.

THE revolution now in progress in the United States of Colombia has produced a wretched state of anarchy, which threatens to interfere with the commercial highway across the Isthmus, and may call for the interference of foreign powers to protect international interests. There are hints that France proposes to take the opportunity of establishing of a protectorate, which it is not at all likely that the United States will allow her to do.

ON the first of April BISMARCK will be 70 years old, at which time he is to receive a magnificent gift in the shape of a fund raised by national subscription. This has already reached $200,000 and promises to be a royal offering—if it does not turn out an April fool—which, from present appearances is not likely.

THE particular business to come before the conference of the Latin Union, which will be held in Paris on April 15, is to perfect some arrangement to avoid the accumulation in one country of the coins of another. Incidentally, of course, the question of bimetallism will come up for discussion in the conference.

A NEW process has just been successfully tested, by which steel can be manufactured at one cent a pound, with a plant that will not cost over $55,000. It is the latest triumph of modern metallurgy.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

The latest advices from Kansas, are to the effect that the principal Liquor Dealers of Atchison, Topeka, and other cities of the state have closed, the law and the determination shown to enforce it proving too much for them.

This is encouraging, but we implore the friends of Prohibition in Kansas to never relax their vigilance a particle on this account. They have got the monster down, and the thing now to be done is to keep him down, and keep pounding till he is dead. Kansas, having commenced the good work, must continue, till it is demonstrated whether or not Prohibition can be enforced in a Western state. Kansas owes it to the world as well as herself, to make a success of Prohibition.

It has been demonstrated that Prohibition does prohibit in Maine, but the enemies of right living assert that with a population such as Maine has, Prohibition never was necessary, as there is no tendency on the part of the people to drink. Of course this statement is a lie, for there was no state in the Union more Rum-ridden than Maine, prior to Prohibition, and no state where it was more fiercely opposed, or more bitterly fought. But we want it demonstrated that Prohibition can be enforced anywhere and everywhere. It has been a success in an extreme eastern state, and we want it shown that it can be made a success in an extreme western state. The staid old state of Maine led off in the great work, and we want the young and vigorous Kansas to follow in her wake. We want it shown that young and to some extent, lawless communities can restrict crime and crime making, just as well as older communities.

But we warn our friends in Kansas that there is but one way to do it. The makers and vendors of Body-Rot have laid down, but they do not intend that the lay down shall be permanent. The Brewers, Distillers and wholesalers of Chicago, Toledo and other places interested in the profitable traffic, have no idea of giving up so rich a pasture field as Kansas. They will lie low for a season till the friends of decency have become careless, and somewhat disorganized, and then recommence the traffic. This they have done everywhere and always, and they will do it in Kansas.

What the Prohibitionists of Kansas must do is to maintain their organizations, and even strengthen them. They must have Vigilance committees made up of bold, determined men acute enough to detect violations of the law, and nerve enough to see that violators are punished to the very outside limit of the law, There must be no mercy shown, and no leniency exhibited. Fines must be collected and imprisonment insisted upon. Under the laws of Kansas the seller of liquor is a criminal, and he must be treated as such. It must be made so serious a thing to violate the law, that only the most hardened criminals will engage in it, and it must be made so costly to them that the profit will not justify them. To accomplish this money must be raised, the best counsel employed, best not only in the point of legal ability, but lawyers whose zeal in the cause will not be measured by the fees they are to earn, and, above all, it must be looked to that the magistrates charged with the execution of the law be always men who believe in the law, and will use the power entrusted to them to kill and not protect the nefarious traffic. And this organization must be maintained till the public sense is set so strongly that no man will dare to violate the law.

The Temperance men and women of Kansas must remember that they are not fighting for themselves alone, but for all the other states. Many thousand of distressed mothers and heart-broken wives in the other states are watching the result of the struggle in Kansas with an interest born of a gleam of hope through the thick clouds of despair. The sufferers from Rum in all the states are waiting with intense anxiety to see whether Prohibition does Prohibit in the west as it has in the east. To fail in Kansas after the attempt has been made would be to set back the cause a half-century. It must not fail, and it will not if the friends of humanity do half their duty. It is for the friends of good morals and good order to say whether Kansas has started rightly to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE BLADE'S Temperance Cartoons should be posted up everywhere. They are the most effective instructors ever issued. They should be posted in every place where men congregate, in shops, on walls, everywhere. Order them and use them.

THE friends of prohibition are working in Georgia. There is no politics in the effort to crush out rum in that state. The Prohibition party therein is a mere corporal's guard. And the theory that some well-meaning but mistaken friends of prohibition have, that nothing can be done without a special political party based on this single idea, is shown to be utterly fallacious by the following array of facts: Of the 128 counties in Georgia, 92 have total prohibition, and 9 have partial. In 105 county elections, anti-whisky has carried in all but four. A general local option law will be passed this summer, which, according to the Atlanta *Constitution*, "will test the matter in every county in which whisky is still sold."

THAT "inspired idiot," to use a phrase of the late campaign, Rev. Dr. S. D. BURCHARD, whose sole title to a place on the roll of fame is his remarkable alliteration, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," has been retired from active pulpit work. He has been 46 years in the ministry, and for six years pastor of the Murray Hill Presbyterian church, New York. He has been made pastor emeritus, on an annuity of $500 per year. He is also president of the Rutgers Female seminary.

THE great obstacle to the education of the negro race in the south comes from the "cracker" element, which regards the negro as an inferior race, that would get above its work and above them it educated, and consequently to be in every way repressed. In spite of such opposition, there is advancement and progress in the education of the blacks in the south. There are a good many well-thumbed books in the cabins, of which the whites are not aware.

THE California legislature is considering a bill which gives to any young man under 26, who learns a trade by serving a three years' apprenticeship, and who is of good moral character, a bonus of $250 out of the state treasury.

THE PRESENT SENATE.

The changes in the United States Senate are of special interest just now, as the Republican majority in that body is the only bulwark against the reactionary ideas of the Southern schemers and Northern Bourbons. No measure that looks to reorganizing the government in the interests of the Democrats can succeed so long as Republican supremacy is maintained in that body—and that is assured for the entire term of the present occupant of the Presidential chair. The following is a list of the incoming and retiring Senators, and the vacancies yet to be filled:

J. C. S. Blackburn takes the place of Williams, of Kentucky; James E. Eustis the place of Jonas, of Louisiana; James K. Jones the place of Walker, of Arkansas; Henry B. Payne the place of Pendleton, of Ohio; E. K. Wilson the place of Groome, of Maryland. In all the cases there are changes of men without change in political complexion. In the Republican list Evarts succeeds Lapham in New York, Spooner succeeds Cameron in Wisconsin, and Teller succeeds Hill in Colorado. In California Farley, Democrat, is succeeded by Stanford, Republican. The Republicans re-elected are Allison, Don Cameron, Ingalls, Jones, Morrison and Platt, and the Democrats re-elected are Brown, Call, Wade Hampton, Fugh, Vance, Vest and Vorhees. In New Hampshire Blair has been appointed senator *ad interim* to serve until the legislature elects. There are vacancies through failure of the legislatures to elect in Oregon and Illinois, both seats belonging to Republicans, and the transfer of Bayard, Garland and Lamar to the cabinet leaves three seats vacant on the Democratic side.

The advantage of these changes has been entirely on the Republican side. Every Republican who has been re-elected is a man of strength. The only possible loss the Republicans can experience is in the defeat of LOGAN, and the chances are at least even for his return to that body. This gratifying state of things is reversed on the Democratic side. BAYARD, LAMAR and GARLAND were the leaders of their party in the Senate, and neither of the three states—Delaware, Mississippi and Arkansas—can send a successor whose influence and ability is equal to her retiring Senator. PAYNE is an old man, and not to be compared with PENDLETON, whose seat he takes, but whose place he cannot fill. Neither the cabinet transfers nor the elections have strengthened the Democratic party in the Senate. It lacks readers, where leaders are its great need. On the Republican side, the election of EVARTS puts one of the purest and strongest men in the nation, a Republican of the days of LINCOLN, CHASE and SEWARD, in the Senate. The party may congratulate itself and the country on the strength of its array of statesmen in the Senate in the struggle that is to come over Democratic attempts to Bourbonize the government. They will not falter in their duty.

SOLVING AN OLD PROBLEM.

The old question, "What would be the esult, were a body moving with irresistible force, to come in contact with an absolutely immovable body?" has been a stock conundrum with school boys wrestling with the interesting science of physics. We are not aware that any one has ventured to give an answer; the question is dismissed with the remark that the conditions are impossible. They may be, in the physical world; but the tenor of advices from Washington are to the effect that the experiment is in a fair way to be tried in politics. The irresistible onslaught of the hordes of office-seeking Democrats, hungrier and thirstier than was TANTALUS, supplies the one condition of the old problem; the attitude of CLEVELAND, who plants his No. 11's on the rock of civil service reform, and declares that he can not be moved, supplies the other. If neither yield, the question given above will be solved. But is either of the two opposing forces likely to back down?

CLEVELAND has the reputation of being an obstinate, pig-headed man, who will not yield, when he has taken a stand, no matter what force, or arguments, or prayers, are brought to bear upon him. He has declared that he proposes standing by the civil service law. He has been snubbing applicants for office right and left. He orders all expectants to the departments to file their petitions. When the Alabama Congressmen called on him in a body, with a complete slate of all federal offices in that state ready made out, he inquired if they had ever heard of the tenure of office law? Whereat the Alabamians communed among themselves, after they had withdrawn from the presence, and remarked that they didn't want to hear anything about the —— law from him, anyway. What was the use of their setting right, and justice, and federal law aside in Alabama in order that the South might be kept solid and CLEVELAND seated, if *he* was going to flaunt a federal law in their faces to prevent their getting office? And they were wroth, and departed unto a corner grocery, and drowned their sorrow in the flowing bowl.

This incident shows that the famous tenure of office law, passed originally to curb the executive power when JOHNSON was President, and he and Congress were at swords' points, is probably destined to play a considerable figure in the struggle between CLEVELAND and his party. The Senate, under this law, really controls most thoroughly the power of removal, and can stop CLEVELAND if he yields to the Bourbons; and the Senate is Republican. It may be of interest to our readers to reproduce an excellent synopsis of its provisions, which we find in the columns of an exchange:

Civil officers appointed with the consent of the Senate hold during the term for which they were appointed, unless sooner removed with the consent of the Senate or by the appointment, with like consent, of a successor in his place. This is the rule. The exceptions are these: During a recess of the Senate the President is authorized to suspend any civil officer appointed with the consent of the Senate until the end of the next session of the Senate and to designate a suitable person to perform meantime the duties of the suspended officer. While so acting this appointee may enjoy the salary and emoluments of the office.

Within 30 days after the commencement of each session of the Senate the President must nominate persons to fill all vacancies in office which existed at the meeting of the Senate, whether temporarily filled or not, and also in the place of all officers suspended. If the Senate refuses to assent to the appointment in the place of a suspended officer the President shall nominate another person to the same session of the Senate. The President may fill all vacancies that happen during the recess of the Senate by reason of death or resignation, or expiration of term, by granting commissions, which shall expire at the end of their next session. If no appointment with the consent of the Senate is made to an office so vacant or temporarily filled the office shall remain in abeyance without any salary until the consent of the Senate is had to an appointment.

There is not one of the four thousand presidential positions which are not at the disposal of the President immediately after the adjournment of the extra session of the Senate, but the period of the new tenants is at the mercy of that body when it reconvenes. If the removal is made for cause other than political the confirmation of a fitting successor would probably follow, but if made merely to give place to party adherents the President is immediately in variance with the Senate and the whole question must go to the country at the ensuing elections.

The mugwump idea is that CLEVELAND will hardly consider it just or politic to invite an issue with the Senate by making wholesale removals regardless of tenure. "Certainly his conduct thus far is in keeping with the tenor of his pledges in the matter of civil service reform," is the language of one of their organs. Hence the "immovable body" which is one of the conditions of the schoolboy problem is pretty well represented in his official person; and the hundreds of thousands of old rebels, mossbacked Bourbons, kid Democrats, etc., will be fairly irresistible when they move on the Executive. Meanwhile, the Republicans will occupy the front seats, and enjoy the spectacle hugely.

THE seating of Sen. BLAIR, of New Hampshire, by the Senate is a somewhat interesting case, as it involves the second reversal of a former precedent, and has also a bearing upon possible cases from Illinois and Oregon. The New Hampshire legislature sits only every second year, and its members are elected for two years. The legislature which was elected in November, 1882, met for its only regular session in June, 1883. Sen. BLAIR'S term was to expire March 3, 1885. Before that term expired another legislature was to be chosen in November, 1884, but this body does not meet till the coming June, three months after the term of Sen. BLAIR expired. The question which has been raised in New Hampshire, and which is still disputed, is as to which legislature it really appertained to elect his successor. The justices of the supreme court were of the opinion that this duty fell to the legislature elected in 1882, but that body itself took a different view and refused to perform such duty; hence the vacancy arose. Sen. BELL was appointed to a vacancy which arose under similar circumstances in 1879 at the expiration of Sen. WADLEIGH'S term, and he was, after some discussion, seated, as was Sen. BLAIR on Tuesday. This action taken by the Senate on two different occasions effectually disposes of the precedent which was established in the case of JAMES LANMAN, of Connecticut, in 1825. Mr. LANMAN was member of the Senate for the full term, from March 3, 1819, to March 3, 1825, but the legislature of 1824 failed to elect his successor. The legislature of 1825 did not meet till May, and the governor of the state appointed Mr. LANMAN to the vacancy. In his case the Senate decided that the governor's appointment was invalid, and that he was not entitled to the seat, and until 1879 this case had been regarded as a precedent.

THOUGH the late Congress made a great deal of noise over the forfeiture of unearned railway land grants, yet but very little was done in the matter. But three bills became laws—the Iron Mountain of Arkansas, 8,000,000 acres; Texas Pacific, 19,000,000 acres; and the Oregon Central, 1,130,888 acres. The other bills which were introduced and which had been advanced to a certain stage, providing for forfeiture, were the Gulf & Ship Island railroad, 652,800 acres; Tuscaloosa & Mobile, 138,400 acres; Mobile & New Orleans, 537,600 acres; Elyton & Beard's Bluff, 276,480 acres; Memphis & Charleston, 506,880 acres; Savannah & Albany, 1,017,600 acres; New Orleans & State Line, 326,400 acres. The following bills were reported for forfeiture: California & Oregon, 2,350,000 acres; Oregon & California, 4,386,000; Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon, 350,000; Ontonagon & Bride River, 288,000; Northern Pacific, 36,818,000; Southern Pacific of California, 5,156,800. The Atlantic and Pacific forfeiture bill, which covered a grant of 28,000,000 acres, was pending in conference committee at the time of adjournment. The aggregate acres forfeited by the bills which passed the House was 52,072,600, and the aggregate amount of lands which were covered by the bills which were reported to the House for forfeiture, but which remained on the calendar when adjournment took place, was 49,348,800 acres; while the number of acres forfeited in the three bills which became laws, is 20,930,880 acres.

CLEVELAND'S famous phrase, "Offensive partisans," is to receive a definition at the hands of the administration. C. C. DAVIS, postmaster at Leadville, is chosen for the experiment. He owns a Republican daily there, and is a politician. Charges will be preferred against him that he has run the office in an offensively "partisan" manner, for political ends; that he allows his deputies to manage its affairs, while he devotes his time to managing his "partisan" (*i. e.* Republican) paper. If DAVIS is removed, a basis will be given for proceeding against all the other "partisan" postmasters in the country. But the burning question that now arises in the mind of the average Democratic editor throughout the nation is, if a man can be removed from a postmastership because he owns a political paper, does the man who runs a Democratic sheet have any show for a postoffice?

THE most marked thing yet done in the executive departments at Washington by the new "reform" broom is the dismissal of a number of clerks on the alleged ground that there are too many employes for the amount of work. This sounds well, but it is not sincere. The proceeding is but a pretext for getting rid of a number of Republicans without odium, in the face of the loud professions of adherence to the civil service reform system. After the clerical forces in the departments have been largely reduced, the work will be found to be too much for the remaining clerks, and the vacancies will be filled from the ranks of the "hungry and thirsty." A succession of maneuvers similar to this will result in the removal, within a few months, of the present incumbents, and a thorough Bourbonizing of the departments.

IT has been figured out that the entire annual product of the silver mines of the United States, is much less valuable than the yield of our hen's nests.

ANOTHER CONVERT.

A proposition for a high license was defeated in the Minnesota legislature, by the efforts of the Liquor Dealers' Association of that state, which action moves the *Pioneer Press*, of St. Paul, to remark as follows:

Its defeat scores another victory for the Liquor Dealers' Association over the conscience and common sense of the legislature, and over the nearly united voice of the people of the state. The liquor dealers will find it the most disastrous victory they ever won. The inevitable result of this revelation of their power to control legislative action against the overwhelming public sentiment of the state will be an irresistible demand for prohibition by the aroused, indignant people. The *Pioneer Press* is opposed to prohibition on principle. But if we are to choose between the control of the politics and legislation of this state by the prohibitionists or by the liquor dealers, we prefer the prohibitionists. To-day we sheathe the sword. Let the Prohibitionists have their way. The liquor dealers have at last convinced us that there is no other way to break the power of that solid phalanx of liquor dealers which now controls the city government of St. Paul and the legislation of this state except a constitutional amendment which shall root out every brewery and every wholesale liquor establishment in the state. If their power is so great in this state that they are able, at each successive session of the legislature, to prevent the enactment of some wholesome restrictions upon the traffic as experience elsewhere has approved, then it is time to try once for all whether the people of this state or the liquor dealers are the stronger. If they will not submit to wholesome restrictions, then let the whole business be extirpated, root and branch.

The *Pioneer Press* has learned what the BLADE learned several years ago, that nothing short of absolute freedom for the traffic will satisfy the greed of the Brewers, and that they will accept nothing less. It has discovered that the only way to prevent them from controlling a state is to kill them out by law, and that it is, in every state, a question whether the government shall be turned over to the Liquor business or not. It is the only business on earth that demands control in this impudent way. Were a respectable trade to thus arrogate to itself control it would be intolerable, but for a state like Minnesota to permit its legislature to be made the mere tool of Brewers of other states, is something not to be thought of.

We welcome the *Pioneer Press* to the ranks. Others will follow in time.

IS VICE HEREDITARY?

The outcome of seven years' experience of a plan set on foot by a number of philantrophic gentlemen in New York city seems to prove that the popular belief that vice and crime are transmitted from one generation to the next, as is a scrofulous or consumptive diathesis, is unfounded. Seven years is perhaps not a sufficiently long test to establish beyond a doubt that the doctrine of heredity does not hold as to moral qualities, or rather the lack of them; but a test extending over this period certainly demonstrates that, if it be a rule at all, it is a rule with a vast number of exceptions.

The experiment alluded to was a school established specially for the worst and most abandoned class of street Arabs. The ordinary common school was unfitted for their wants; they had not the time to give to its requirements, they needed to be drilled in some occupation that would aid them in making their own living, and they needed kind treatment, moral influences and special effort adapted to each individual case—requirements impossible to be attained in the common school, which handles pupils in masses—or classes—rather than as individuals. An industrial school was organized, and these juvenile pariahs were gathered from the streets and slums of the great city. In fact, we are told that it has been the rule during the seven years' existence of this school to seek out the poorest and least cared for children, the offspring of mendicants and worse; in the words of one of the organizers of the school, "those children who, from appearance and situation, might not unreasonably be looked upon as the least promising for instruction."

We have not space to give in detail the course of instruction pursued. It is double in character—one of books, the other of an industrial nature. The natural inclination of the child is consulted as to the latter, and when he selects that occupation which pleases him, then his dual education proceeds on the general principle that he is taught of those things which interest him first. His attention is thus aroused, his mental horizon expands, and what he is taught he is taught well.

As was indicated in the opening paragraph, the results have been, to say the least, surprising and unlooked for. Of the multitudes who have been under instruction in those seven years, all the children of pauperism, mendicancy and crime, we are told "not one child has been found beyond the reach of intelligent treatment, and not one has been found whose evil propensities were more than skin deep." That is, that children are not naturally vicious, but are made so by their environment; that pauperism, idleness and crime are not inherited, but are the result of the failure of the community to keep the young aloof from the evil influences which produce them.

READ all the announcements in the Publisher's department. That department is of interest to everybody. Notice the combination offers and avail yourself of some or all of them.

THE *Literary World* proposes the new word "literarian," to designate a person devoted to literary pursuits, and says: "*Litterateur* is foreign; 'literary men' is awkward, besides being restricted in gender; 'literarian,' following the analogy of 'parliamentarian,' is natural; it is also sensible, euphonious, and convenient." To all of which we say amen. When it is possible to make as good a word as "literarian," in strict accordance with the accepted rules of English etymology, it should be done, instead of lugging a foreign word into our vocabulary.

THEY have been figuring up the matter, and come to the conclusion that the coal mines of England will not last over 100 years more and perhaps not that. The industries which have steam as a motive power use 160,000,000 tons a year, and it needs a large supply to draw upon. English capitalists are beginning to worry over it now. A hundred years does not count much in British history.

A GERMAN named WOLFF, now in London, has discovered a cure for writer's cramp. The new treatment consists partly of rubbing, kneading, stretching and beating of the fingers, and the several muscles of the hand and arm. There are gymnastic exercises, both active and passive, and, most important of all, there are graduated exercises in writing, with a view of calling into play a new set of muscles in lieu of those injured by the cramp.

NASBY.

...hisky. This was a hazardous service, in more respects than one. The "distilleries" were usually located on almost inaccessible ravines or by-roads, and the men in the neighborhood of one of these "mills" thought no more of shooting a man for a quinteen of whisky than they would of killing a rabbit. I remember that while on one of those expeditions I lost my way and rode nearly all night through a lonesome pine forest. I claim to be as free from superstition as any man living, but that night all the old ghost stories that I ever read or heard flitted through my mind. Were you ever in a desert pine forest alone in the dark of night, with the wind blowing, not a hurricane, but a gentle breeze? It is the most doleful music you ever heard—something between a moan and a dirge—at times swelling, then almost dying away. When it was nearly morning I came to where a scouting party had stopped for the night. I never was so glad to meet a squad of rebels. I got back with the whisky all right, but was reprimanded for being so long absent.

The rebel invasion of Kentucky was prolific in incidents. The cavalry were kept on the move, night and day, and it was a rare thing to get a full night's sleep. About 20 of us were out on a scout one day along a road where the Federals were expected. We never went into the road, but scouted through the fields and woods, occasionally riding down to the roadside to take a peep up and down. The road ran through a hollow, and while we could see, those in the road could no see us. Going through a field we reached the road at a point where the banks" or sides were unusually high and steep. A large body of Federal cavalry was in plain view, riding by fours. All of us dismounted but three or four, and creeping to the side of the road we "blazed away," at the advancing column, raising the "rebel yell" as we fired. The "blue coats," taken by surprise, and probably thinking they had run into an ambush, wheeled their horses and dashed back; and we mounted our horses and dashed off in the opposite direction. The Federals probably found out the "joke" that had been played on them, but we didn't stop to make any inquiries.

DIXIE.

Shelbyville, Tenn.

The Salem Raid.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I read letters of old comrades in the CAMP FIRE column of the BLADE before anything else being an old soldier myself—not of twenty battles. In answer to Lincoln G. Hoop, in the BLADE of February 12 asking description of the Salem Raid (Averill's.) Averill's brigade consisted of the 14th Pa. Cav. 2d, 3d and 8th W. Va., Mounted Infantry, Major Gibson's cavalry battalion and Ewing's battery G, 1st W. Va. artillery. The brigade started on the Salem raid December 8, 1863, from New Creek, (now Keyser,) West Va., a station on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., and met with no opposition until the evening of the 13th, when we come across Mudwall Jackson's bushwhacking brigade at Gatewood, but only had a skirmish with them, when they fell back. From that time we marched day and night until we got to Salem, on the 16th, a station on the Virginia & Tennessee Central railroad, at which point we captured and destroyed a large quantity of flour, wheat, corn, meat, leather, salt, cloth, wagons, three cars, water-tank, four bridges, three or four miles of railroad track, and a large quantity of other property. The rebels had just moved their property to this place a day or two before for safe keeping, for they were looking for us to strike the railroad at some other point. After enjoying a good dinner, at 3 p. m. we commenced our return march and encamped seven miles from Salem, on Craig's creek, that night. I mention this because it was the only night we went into camp until we got to our lines. But in the morning it commenced to rain, rained all night and we moved out on the road in the morning, but found the creek so swollen that it was almost impossible to ford. We crossed the creek three times before noon, but the water got so high that we had to lay there until next morning, the 18th, before we had crossed. Resumed our march and had to ford the creek three times again. The water was so high that we had to pull the artillery across with ropes by hand. We had to burn part of our wagons in order to get the horses for the artillery. Laying to stop nearly a day and night on account of high water, the rebels had time to get ahead of us on all the main roads, so that we had to take by-roads and mountain paths, for the country that we were going through was very mountainous. But the night of the 19th, in fording Craig's Creek, we lost all of our rations, and from that time we had to subsist on the country, and there was very little to subsist on, for the writer of this went for three days without any thing to eat. On the night of the 19th, when near Covington, Mudwall Jackson captured our wagon train and ambulance corps, and about 150 men. The 14th Pa. Cav. being in front of the brigade, and not knowing that the rest of the brigade and did not get to us until next day at noon. The only thing plenty on this raid was applejack. I would like for some of the boys to write [illegible]

THE mode in which commercial exchanges are made is clearly shown by the following example: A ship recently arrived in Boston from Buenos Ayres, bringing 31,669 hides, worth $125,000, from which cargo, when tanned, it will be possible to manufacture $1,000,000 worth of shoes. Most of those shoes go West to pay for the corn and wheat shipped to Liverpool from Boston, which pays for the dry goods and manufactured iron that goes to Buenos Ayres, and there pays for the hides. So it will be seen that, although in a roundabout way, the hides are in the end paid for by the export of American cereals. American shoe manufacturers have carried the trade to so great perfection that they find no difficulty in competing with England, France and Germany, and efforts are now making to introduce American shoes into Egypt, Cuba and the South American countries.

THERE is a vast deal of senseless gabble because CLEVELAND chooses to rise at a comparatively early hour and dispose of the business that has accumulated on his desk from the previous day. It is absolutely certain that public affairs did not suffer because Pres. ARTHUR chose the afternoon for the transaction of routine business. It is purely a matter of personal preference, and we do not see that CLEVELAND should be held up as a marvel because he goes to his desk at 9 o'clock in the morning. Tens of thousands of business men do the same thing every day and don't think they are doing anything to cause the nation to stand gaping in open-eyed wonder, either.

A NEW departure in the newspaper world begins this week in New York. It is a daily paper devoted exclusively to the interests of school children. It has news and other departments after the style of the ordinary daily, but "graduated to the intelligence of boys and girls from 12 to 18 years of age," and will be conducted, the projectors say, so as to be entirely acceptable to parents. There is certainly a field for such a journal, and it can be made a most powerful auxiliary to the educational forces of the schools, though we think in weekly form it would be more certain of a paying patronage.

THE patents issued by Sec. TELLER, near the close of his administration of the Interior Department, to the New Orleans Pacific, or as it is more familiarly known, the "backbone" railroad, cover 679,281 acres of land. The company claimed over a million acres. Sec. LAMAR has issued an order directing the commissioner of the general land office to suspend action in regard to the other land claimed, 336,706 acres until further notice.

THE following squib comes to us this morning from a prominent Toledoan, and is "respectfully submitted":

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

President Cleveland is a cross between Mugwumpery and Democracy. Is not the Democracy in the position of the colored woman whose offspring was by a scion of one of the first families? When the child grew up it refused to recognize its mother.

A. B.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Memorial services for Gen. Gordon were held in Westminster abbey and many other places in England Friday.——The Fenians Stephens, Davis, Morrisey and Leroy have been expelled from France.——Remi Nadeau, of Los Angeles county, the largest vine planter in California, has set out about 100,000 vines this season, and is waiting for more rain to increase the number. He and his sons have now between three and four million vines, and are the largest grape-growers in the world.——George Harrison, a disabled soldier, was mustered into the G. A. R. at his home, near Fremont, Ohio. He has been bed-ridden eleven years, and was in bed at the time.——Orange-raising in California has not been successful this year, prices having fallen as low as 35 cents a box in some instances. The fruit is not so large as usual, but excellent in flavor, and though now ripe will be better if left on the trees till May. The lemons are large and fine.——Alexander McBridge, an eccentric character, known as the "squatter sovereign," died recently at Buffalo, aged 78. He was a thorough going miser, and leaves property estimated to be worth from $80,000 to $100,000. His only relative is a nephew living in Ireland.——Mark Hopkins, of St. Clair, Mich., who ten years ago inherited $2,000,000 from an uncle, has been sued for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty.——War has been declared by Nicaragua against Guatemala in consequence of the proclamation issued by Gen. Barrios of the latter Republic declaring that a Central American Union must be effected. Nicaragua has determined to resist the carrying out of this plan, which is practically an attempt on the part of Barrios to establish a dictatorship. Costa Rica and Mexico will stand by Nicaragua.——A saloon recently opened at Roseville, O., was blown up during a thunder storm by a keg of powder exploding beneath it.——All the gambling houses in Louisville were closed by the police Friday.—— Assist.-Adjt.-Gen. Taylor

CENTRAL AMERICA TROUBLES.

The section called Central America embraces five little republics, whose area and population are tabulated herewith:

	Square Miles.	Population.
Guatemala	41,820	1,277,331
Honduras	34,000	250,000
Costa Rica	20,000	190,000
San Salvador	7,225	554,783
Nicaragua	44,000	276,383

Guatemala is the northernmost of the five, and as will be seen above, ranks by far the greatest in population, equalling the other four states in this respect. President RUFINO BARRIOS, of Guatemala, declared in the Assembly that the five states of Central America should form one republic, and that he would assume the command of all the military forces of the various states. Honduras assented, but San Salvador resisted and declared war. Nicaragua and Costa Rica are also opposed to BARRIOS's pretensions.

ZALDIVAR, President of San Salvador, which republic has a firm friend in Mexico, telegraphed to Pres DIAZ, of that country, an account of the matter, and requested him to use his influence to prevent BARRIOS from proceeding to carry out his declared intentions by force of arms. DIAZ took prompt action, and telegraphed as follows to BARRIOS, who had also informed him of his ambitious purpose:

Your telegram of the 7th instant announcing your determination to declare Central America one republic and to assume yourself the command of all the forces thereof has been received. This declaration has been made by your assembly only and has been rejected energetically by your sister republics. These circumstances have created such antipathy to your course among Mexican citizens that my government will be obliged to take immediate action to prevent the execution of your threat against the sister nationalities of this continent.

Meanwhile, excitement is running high in San Salvador, and the patriotic people are determined to preserve their independence. Nicaragua is also actively preparing to resist him, and several thousand men are ready to take the field. Costa Rica is also arming, and with Mexico to back them, the three little republics will undoubtedly make a sturdy struggle to preserve their autonomy.

While BARRIOS is nominally elective president of Guatemala, he is actually an irresponsible despot. The legislative body is composed of his own creatures, selected by himself, and its decrees are such as he dictates. Elections are conducted under the supervision of the bayonet, which registers returns preordained by BARRIOS. In all respects he is supreme, the life and property of those he rules over being subject to his slightest caprice. Honduras is ruled by one of his deputies, and for all practical purposes is under his control, though reputed to be an independent state. The two states contain a population together of 1,600,000, against a population of 1,017,000 contained in the three smaller states of San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. It is to bring these three smaller, but more highly civilized, states under his brutal control that BARRIOS has proposed to launch against the forces of Guatemala and Honduras. His cupidity has been excited by the prospect of the expenditure of vast sums of money in prosecuting the construction of the proposed Nicaraguan canal, and it is manifest that his main purpose is to acquire control of its route, prevent the ratification of the present treaty, and sell the canal privilege to the power that will pay him the greatest subsidy.

ONE POINT DECIDED.

The protection wing of the Democratic party—the RANDALL faction—has scored a decided victory over the CARLISLE free trade wing in the nomination of JOE MILLER, of West Virginia, as commissioner of internal revenue. The fight was extremely bitter for this office. MILLER's opponent was PHIL THOMPSON, of Kentucky, who was backed by the distilling interests of Kentucky, by all the influence of CARLISLE, and who was understood to have been, while Representative in Congress, the paid agent and attorney of the whisky ring. MILLER had no affiliation with the distillers, but was backed by the Democracy of his own little state, and by RANDALL.

The struggle over the position assumed such a phase that it was considered as compelling the administration to not only show its hand on the tariff question, but to declare its preference beeween RANDALL and CARLISLE for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives. All the old the free traders could summon was brought to bear to secure the place for THOMPSON, and WATTERSON declared that the decision of this matter was the most important, as to the civil service, that this administration would be called upon to make. RANDALL rallied his friends and protectionist allies, and evidently attached as much importance to the matter as did the friends of THOMPSON.

Well, MILLER wins; and so the people are justified, according to the statements and admissions of the friends of both parties, in assuming—first, that the free traders will get neither aid nor countenance from the CLEVELAND administration; second, that the executive influence will be cast in favor of RANDALL for Speaker next December, and against CARLISLE.

IT is with deep sorrow that the people read the successive bulletins concerning the physical condition of Gen. GRANT. The cancer in his throat has assumed an alarming form, and the inevitable end may come within the next three or four weeks. A special from New York gives the points of the case as follows:

The great danger lies in the loss of strength incident to the difficulty of giving him nourishment which he can retain on his stomach. It is dangerous to give him anything in the morning, because in those hours only does he seem to have any natural relief from the agony caused by his malady. The effort to reject food brings accessions of agony that even cocoaine is not strong enough to control. Later in the day, when the anæsthetic has been at work long enough, the danger from the retching is decreased, and highly concentrated food is administered, although in small quantities.

The recent prostration, following the reception of the news from Washington, which was necessarily exciting and trying, indicates how far backward in strength of the General has fallen. The disease itself, too, has come to the surface at other points, indicating that it has been progressing rapidly within the past few days. The diseased tissue lies in such a place that the knife can not be resorted to, and there is no hope of prolonging the life of the distinguished patient beyond a few weeks.

In a conversation held a few days ago with Gen. Badeau in his library, he dropped a remark that shows that he evidently appreciates the seriousness of his condition. Coming to a piece of manuscript that within the next few weeks he would find it necessary to use in forwarding his literary labor towards completion, he began to give directions in reference to it. Gen. Badeau interrupted him and told him that it was unnecessary for him to continue any expression of his desires with respect to this particular piece of manuscript, as he would undoubtedly be able to dispose of it himself at the proper time. Gen Grant replied, without a change of expression, or the shadow of regret or fear upon his face, in his usual quiet tone of voice and business-like manner: "General, that may be what you think, but my impression is that I will not live 20 days." He then went on and continued the work of going through his papers without the slightest change in his demeanor."

Correspondence.

LONDON LETTER.

How the Japs Live and Amuse Themselves—One Way of Cutting a Big Figure—London's Milk and Water Brigade—Poor Tommy Atkins.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

LONDON, Feb. 20, 1885.

There is one place in this great city where the fog, so prevalent just now, can be escaped, where the incessant rattle of cabs and horses cannot penetrate and where one can hug himself with very joy as he imagines that he has at last obtained a bit of that wonderful carpet that could transport one anywhere in the twinkling of an eye. You stop in front of Humphrey's hall, pay your cabby, enter the place, and presto, London is gone and you are in a quiet Japanese country village. And it is a genuine Japanese village, too, all of the picturesque houses that form the streets of this picturesque town having been brought from Japan and erected by the Japanese who are now living in them. The houses are models of neatness, with their paper windows and ornamental shutters, hall and doorway being but a screen of lovely tracery.

Here the busy workmen, after the fashion of other orientals, on entering, put off the straw and wooden clogs in which they have been trotting about; and, indeed, they are trotting about all over the place, quaint, solemn, flat-faced little figures in dark, loose jackets; whilst others sit in their shops plying all their various trades with the greatest precision and neatness. Carving in relief, printing, screen making and painting—the latter done with wonderful rapidity, and yet with perfect neatness—embroidery in gold or satin, and printing off the pattern needful for this on the material; making little bronze trays, with raised figures on them, and that beautiful pottery that has a sort of embossed outline to each design on it; artificial flowers, fans, and hairpin making are a few amongst the many manufactures in progress.

The Japs have their theater, too, being called to the entertainment by the sounding of a gong. One performance by women and children was most interesting. First, about twenty of them assembled in one of the side-houses of the stage (each of them having religiously dropped her shoes at the door), and then sat down there in a group that would have delighted a painter. Soon there was a great tuning up of four instruments rather like square-bodied banjos, which the fair musicians afterwards played with a kind of long-handled comb, singing to them in excellent time, but in agonizingly nasal accents. The little girls—such funny little figures, in dark striped dresses—sat at one end of a raised *banc* at the back of the stage, and the players at the other: then in front of them sat the four ladies who were to dance. Their costumes were very handsome. Two were clad in the usual robe, but of white satin, richly embroidered in gold and many colors, lined with scarlet silk; a gold and scarlet kerchief was worn round the neck. The hair of all was most neatly and elaborately dressed with artificial flowers, gold-tasselled pins, and ribbons. And then, with a deep reverence to the audience, fans were unfurled, and the dance began. Strange motions, twistings, and turnings, bendings and wavings of the hands, which in both sexes are singularly small and shapely; still, there was nothing ungraceful throughout. With another quick deep bow the performance ended, and they ran back to their seats. A couple then went through a similar set of figures. Then came a fencing-match between two men with long pieces of bamboo, and after them a wild-looking creature appeared, who wriggled and writhed to the great amusement of the Japanese, who could hardly conceal their laughter. This was succeeded by a sort of processional dance by the women, each holding a blue scarf, with which they executed wonderful evolutions, the performance closing with a grand tableau by all the performers.

As illustrative the every day life of the common Japanese this village is a great success and is visited by thousands. As the Japs sell the articles they make they are reaping quite a harvest, especially as their prices are extremely reasonable.

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.

I was standing the other day in front of the American Exchange on the Strand, talking with an old Londoner when stylish carriage and pair drove up, an elegantly dressed gentleman of perhaps 50 alighted and entered the exchange.

"Do you know who that is?" asked my friend. I confessed I did not, and he went on:

"That is Mr. ——, whose income to my certain knowledge is just £2,000 per year, and he has a fine house, carriages, horses, etc.—everything simply perfect. He entertains magnificently, and I should say lives at the rate of quite £14,000 a year; and he has no debts. How does he do it? you ask. Simply enough. This man—who wishes you to believe he's so desperately unlucky—is a card player. He will begin by playing ecarte a pony a game, a pony on the rub—not a bad stake for an income of £2,000 a year! Later on he will get into big figures; it will be a £100 game, and £100 the rub; and then 'the best out of three games for a thou, and we stop.' Lastly, it is double or quits, and he sees a winner on the night of some thousands. This man has, too, a splendid zero. It is this. Early in the evening he announces that he must go home early; his wife is ill, and he has promised to be home soon. If he is a winner at 2 o'clock, he rises, looks at his watch, is astonished to see the hour—he must go at once, etc. If the loser wishes him to remain and give him a chance, he replies, 'Not I really can't tonight; I'll give you your revenge any other night, old fellow; but to-night I must go home. I warned you before you began that, win or lose, I must stop, as my wife is ill,' etc. All this looks straight enough; but is it so? No. For if at 2 o'clock this man is a loser, he not only sticks on till he has got back his losings, but waits till he has put on a few hundred to the good. It may be thought this game could only be played a few times. I myself have seen it successfully performed fifty times."

THEY DO THESE THINGS DIFFERENTLY IN FRANCE.

In Paris, where the *entree* to the greenrooms of the theatres is not confined, as in England, to those who in the strictest sense have business there, a wide awake jeweller has offered the directors of the Opera House a rental of some 60 francs per annum to be allowed to place a show-case of precious stones in the artistes' *foyer*. Of course, no one knows better than this enterprising tradesman how profitable such a privilege, even paid for at so high a rate, would prove to him. The wealthy Parisian *gommeur* would be ready to buy anything and everything while under the subtle mesmerism of a pretty dancer's eyes that had just added to their brightness by a greedy contemplation of a diamond *riviere*. Exorbitant prices would be as freely given as asked at such a moment, and *M. le Joaillier* could well afford to enter into private arrangements with the fair artistes by which he would pay them a handsome commission on all sales. Good business all around, except for the *gommeux*.

THE SAME THE WORLD OVER.

A journal of dietetic economy, *Food*, has been waging war against the milkmen. A recent number says: "London milkmen appear, from the returns of the public analysts referred to in the report of the Local Government board, to be more unscrupulous than their provincial brethren in the matter of adulteration. Generally the proportion of samples reported against is about one-fifth of the number examined; but in the metropolis it amounts to 26 per cent. The board is still of opinion that Londoners are paying between £70,000 and £80,000 for water sold under the name of milk. The analyst for Plumstead calculates that in that single district the milkmen levy an irregular water rate of this sort to the extent of between £3,000 and £4,000 per annum, and this notwithstanding the fact that the fines inflicted on them for adulteration collectively amount to about £100 in each year."

THEY WANT A HUSBAND BADLY.

The publication of a letter from a private soldier, addressed to the clerk of the Kingston Guardians, asking that a wife might be found for him and sent to the Cape, has resulted in no fewer than 192 applications being made. If we may judge from the clerk's summary of the contents of the letter, it would appear that it furnishes some very entertaining reading. On the whole, however, even allowing for the well-known popularity of the "red coats" with the fair sex, there is a good deal more of what is melancholy than of what is laughable about this fierce competition for the hand of an unknown soldier in South Africa. The average of happiness among the hundred and ninety-two candidates for the soldier's favor must be decidedly low, when they are all ready to stake their whole fortune on the chances of the congeniality of a man of whom they know absolutely nothing but that he is in the receipt of one shilling and sixpence a-day, and that he is anxious to obtain a wife.

PAUL CHAPUIS.

The advertisement of the Fleming Manufacturing company in this issue of the BLADE, is well worth the attention of everybody interested in good roads. The "Boss" Road Leveler proved an enormous success last spring, and their trade this year will be double that of last.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

We give below, in condensed form, letters from various friends, giving information of interest to those who would like to change their present locations and find new homes:

G. A. H., Geneva, Orange Co., Fla.:

I have been here now five years and ought to know of what I write. The longer my residence here, the better am I pleased with it. It is often remarked that the climate is worth $100 per acre, conveying the idea that our lands are poor, which is true; but there is no other country that will respond more readily under intelligent cultivation than this. Our grove, planted in the summer of 1880, bore fruit the past season on 350 trees out of a possible 600. An orange is a prolific bloomer, the flowers are pure white, the leaves of the intensest green, and the golden fruit hanging in heavy clusters forms a thing of richer beauty than a Northern eye ever saw. As I look out upon our grove it is almost impossible to believe it is midwinter, or that upon any portion of this fine earth cold, ice and snow reign supreme. We can get good eatable fruit in October, and on through the winter to April and May, from the one tree. It is similar with potatoes. We dig what we want as soon as they are large enough, and sometimes before; we dig in the fall, we dig in the winter, we dig in the spring, and in the summer again, from the same patch, providing it holds out. This gives us a long time to gather our crops, and we need it. While you have to do a very great deal in a little time we have very little in a great deal of time. There's the difference. We see no use in fretting. We know it will be summer all the year; there is no danger of starving as long as sweet potatoes and cabbage palmetto grows; so we sit in the shade and have out or talk and smoke, for to-morrow will be pleasant, and there is time enough then. We are too lazy even to fish. It is not because the climate is enervating, but simply because necessity does not compel us to do it.

To those who intend coming to Florida I would say be careful where you locate. There is no country where appearances are as deceptive as here. Be sure it is healthy, and as near water transportation as possible; it is no easy job to haul a thousand or two boxes of oranges over these sandy roads, and every mile counts. Let me tell you also the requirements needful to insure success. Care not how good a farmer you may be at home; in coming here all of your preconceived notions must be laid aside, you are entering upon an entirely new business, under an entirely different order of things, with as many different theories as there are inhabitants. Each one knows the best way, and the new comer the best of all. But a year two usually takes the conceit out of him. You must have a very thorough knowledge of the advanced science of agriculture, and a very level head. Go to successful men—men who can show you by their success that they are capable of managing their own business. To this must be added the gift to detect the right course out of the multiplicity of counsel, with this you will be more than satisfied with this country. On the other hand, if you follow your own inclinations, or advice of castle-builders because it pleases you, you will find, as the years go on, that you have missed one essential point in your building, and that is, the foundation.

S. C. M., Decatur, Ala.:

Three weeks ago I left Indiana on a prospecting tour, as I want to find a location in a country not so cold as Indiana. My first stop south of the Ohio river was at Franklin and Columbia, Tenn. I found good farm land around both of these places, but too high in price for an ordinary farmer. I went from Columbia down that short branch railroad to Lawrenceburg, but found all that section of country to be very poor; in fact, the soil is so light that I would not take it as a gift, much less buy it.

I then returned to Columbia and went to Athens, Ala. That soil was also very light, so I came on to Decatur, where I found the soil as red as a brick-kiln, which I first supposed to be poor land, as I was never used to red soil, but I find it to be the best land in the South. At this place I met George Nelson, an Indiana farmer, who has been here twelve years, and at present is engaged in raising thoroughbred horses in connection with farming, 1½ miles out of town. He has the only grass I have seen in Alabama—timothy, red top and clover. This I find to be a fine grain-growing country, where properly farmed. I have been over the valley east and west from Decatur and up and down the Tennessee river. The river valley has fine land of a rich black sandy loam.

West of Decatur I found a wide open belt of rich valley land that very much resembles the grand prairies of Illinois, but are owned in too large tracts for the general good of the country. They can be bought with all improvements at $10 to $15 per acre, and when we consider the climate, soil, location, improvements, etc., I regard them as being very cheap. There is a variety of soil in this part of Alabama. In the valleys is the red, black, gray, yellow and white soil, and surrounding the valley are mountain, table and barren lands; but I am well satisfied if a Northern farmer comes here and makes the proper selection of land he can make money. I, for one, intend to try it any way. There is a large country here to select from.

A Northern Nebraska man writes:

The unallotted lands are soon to be opened for homestead settlement on the Santee Reserve, in Knox county, Nebraska. These are rich in soil and new timber and railroads. The completion of the extension of the Elkhorn Valley railroad from Valentine to White river, near and south of the Black Hills, will be made this spring. Immense areas of very fine land along the White river will thus be made accessible to such as are seeking homesteads and timber culture claims. Many have gone in already. There is much fine timber near, on the north, and very fine coal west, in Wyoming. The initial soundings have been in progress for an iron bridge over the Missouri river at Sioux City. When this is built, there will span the great river into Northern Nebraska. The other two are at Blair and Omaha, and trunk line railroads from all westward. The legislature has voted $75,000 to start the second insane asylum, to be built at Norfolk, the railroad centre of Northern Nebraska. Fifty-four thousand acres of unsold B. & M. R. R. lands come into market this spring in Antelope county. The state school university and agricultural college lands, are leased at low rates, or sold on 20 year's credit, at six per cent. interest and exemption from taxes. There are two sections of state school lands in each township. The prospects for new settlers is good.

Frank Stone, Hubbell, Neb.:

While Congress and different legislatures are vainly trying to agree on a manner of regulating railroad rates for transportation would it not be well for them to stop long enough to pass the following, upon which all ought to be able to agree, and to remain in force until they can find something better:

First—No railroad shall charge more for any haul than for any longer.

Second—No railroad shall charge a greater rate per mile for any shorter one.

I think these two simple regulations would prevent discrimination between places on the same line. The first would prevent the charge from Des Moines to Chicago being greater than from Council Bluffs to Chicago, and give towns where there is no railroad competition as good a chance almost as other towns where there is competition. The second would prevent a railroad from giving reasonable rates to places where there is competition, and charging an excessive rate against places away from competition, where railroads are far apart, like our Western frontier. Although these two regulations might not secure exact justice, they would make rates much more uniform than at present, and they would be difficult to evade.

These two proposed regulations would be unjust in this: The shipper who has very large and frequent shipments would think he should have "wholesale rates," so to speak. You can buy 100 barrels of sugar for a less price per pound than you can one pound and the same principle is urged on this freight question with some justice. In fact, the great difficulty is, to find some provision which is just to both shippers and railroads. The provision of the Reagan bill dividing the charges—one for the actual haul, the other for loading and unloading—if taken with the two propositions given above, would not be a bad plan to try, and remedy the points afterward found to be defective or unjust.

A correspondent at Iroquois, Dak., writes: "I thought I would let you know that we have commenced sowing wheat here in Dakota, on March 9."

Any person knowing the whereabouts of Miss Sarah M. Stewart, formerly of Allegheny City, Pa., or Robert Stewart, of Baker City, Pa., will confer a favor on their brother's family by writing to Mrs. Margaret A. Stewart, Halsey, Linn county, Oregon.

"Seven."

DAVID TOOKE, Esq., Columbus, Texas, in 1879, was attacked with black jaundice, followed by hemorrhage of the kidneys, and was pronounced incurable. Seven bottle of Warner's SAFE Cure restored him to health in 1880, and July 1st, 1884, he writes, "My health has been excellent ever since." Try it, Try it!

The failure of Wm. Voss & Co., is announced at the New York stock exchange. It is believed to be small.

PROHIBITION UTTERANCES.

What the Blade's Readers Have to Say of Our Plan.

J. W. Cooper, Cotopaxi, Col.:

I have just read a letter written by an Iowa man, and published in the BLADE, suggesting the "Grand Army of Prohibition." I think it the very plan. Organize all men old enough to vote and take others into the organization as they may become voters, and let each organization report its number to the BLADE, that it may publish it from time to time, and by so doing we may see what we are doing and need take no risk in pulverizing the one great evil of rum, that is cursing us as a nation. I would also suggest a temperance organization that may assist in this grand movement in which the women and children, and all who are not voters may join, separate from that of the voters, this organization to be called the Grand Temperance Army—the voters to be called the Grand Army of Prohibition. We may use these blanks sent out by the BLADE for prohibition, by inserting the name "Grand Army of Prohibition."

C. J. Cooper, Monroe, Ks.:

The BLADE has made me a non-partisan prohibitionist by its bold course during the late campaign. I wonder I did not see the evil effects of a third party long ago. It can not, in the nature of men, be otherwise than evil, not to say disastrous. Men that have stood by their old party well and long will not desert it on the single issue of prohibition. I sincerely hope that the temperance readers of the BLADE will see that it is well repaid (with new subscribers as well as with words of encouragement) for the stand it takes in their cause.

Subscriber, Rockford, Iowa:

On February 23, a raid was made upon the saloons and brewery of this place, at which beer and whisky were sold in violation of law. One saloon-keeper fled the country, one was imprisoned, and one paid a fine and costs. The marshal of the town, who had acted as bartender of the last mentioned saloon-keeper, was fined $100 and costs, and the brewery man was fined $100 and costs, making in all $157. The business is routed, horse, foot and dragoon! Hallelujah! Amen! Not a saloon left.

R. Fields, Galena (no state), writes a good letter, but on both sides of the paper. Hence we cannot use it,

S. F. Hunter, M. D., Sacramento, Neb.:

In your effort to crush the rum power you are doing a noble work. Of course the rum power will fight you in every way it can, but keep your head clear and keep right on in the way you have started, and it will not be very long before others who are not of your views will drop into line and help on with the good work. Out here in the Far West they howl that you are not honest in your convictions in the way you propose to crush out its power. It does me good to see them squirm when the BLADE lets its broadside shot into their strong holds. So fire right along the line from Maine to California until we shall have no more its power.

C. H., West Cedar, Kan.:

I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last two years, and we cannot do without it. It is fearless and free, and strikes at the right time. "Pulverize the Rum Power." Tell the people that prohibition *does* prohibit in Phillips county, Kansas.

Prohibition in Politics.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I am in receipt of letters from New York to Kansas in reply to my article in the BLADE of February 19, entitled "Liquor License."

Permit to reply to them through the columns of your excellent paper. Some take issue with me in the statement that prohibition should never be made a political issue. I have been an uncompromising prohibitionist for years, and will hail with joy the day when the American people will have the opportunity to vote upon this all important question of the latter part of the nineteenth century. The BLADE'S plan is my plan, and if being permitted to vote upon prohibition makes it a political issue, then I say let it come at once. If that makes it a political issue, then we have had "license or no license" for many years.

If I understand rightly the meaning of the term "politics," a given question never becomes a political issue until one of the great political parties of a nation inserts that principle or question as a plank in its platform. In reviewing the history of great national parties I find that there never was a time in the history of the world when a political party with but one idea, or with but one plank in its platform, succeeded in acquiring and holding any considerable amount of power; besides they invariably failed to accomplish the purpose for which they set out.

In some of the state platforms one party said: "We are opposed to any man or any set of men dictating what any one shall eat or drink," or words to that effect. The other party has, in a few state platforms, said: "We are in favor of submitting the question of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to a vote of the people of the state." This is the nearest that it has ever come to a strictly political issue. But prohibition in this case is not the political issue, but the question as to whether the people shall have the opportunity to express their opinions on this great question or not.

In Maine, Democrats and Republicans alike united to bring about prohibition. The same is true of Iowa and Kansas; and the other states will follow in rapid succession, when they once send men to the several legislatures who will give the people the opportunity to pass their verdict upon the rum traffic by means of the ballot.

One person, in his letter, said: "Had the Republican party inserted a temperance plank, it might have won the day. To this I would say that from my observation of the tenacity with which people cling to their old parties (especially the Democrats,) there would have been no weeks of suspense as to the result of the election; for it is very plain that no Democrats would have voted differently, as it would be unreasonable to expect them to vote for temperance and with the Republicans, when they had an opportunity to vote for it independent of the Republican party and refused to do so. And again, not all Republicans are temperance men. Any person who has traveled from place to place, as the writer has, and has had the same opportunity to learn men's views, and pauses to reflect a single moment, will see a tence that there are three times as many whisky men in the Republican party (whose political ties would be severed by the temperance plank), as the entire vote cast for St. John in 1884. No, it must be submitted to the people, not as a party issue, but as a grand moral issue, upon which all Christian people and temperance workers can unite, of whatever political faith or order. This, and this alone, will "Pulverize the Rum Power."

Arcola, Ill. GEO. T. MASON.

The "Grand Army of Prohibition."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The main features of Mr. Donaldson's suggestion of a "Grand Army of Prohibition" can not be too warmly endorsed. It strikes the keynote of success—union of all our forces, and organization thorough, complete and compact. These two elements are indispensable for our final triumph, and can not be overestimated. At present there are many districts where the cause is weak and an object of contempt to its opponents; yet even in such places there are always to be found a few of the faithful who, though now feeling that any effort is useless, yet would gladly and heartily join in a movement which would give them the support of the mighty temperance host of the nation, as would also many who are convinced that prohibition is the true and only solution of the liquor question, but who always "shout with the biggest crowd."

By an efficient organization, all our strength will be concentrated for concerted action under intelligent leadership, and instead of being wasted in many pieces in desultory attacks by isolated detachments a general advance "all along the line" may be made. Then, too, when the fight becomes critical at any given point, the whole moral and financial support of the organization will be at the command of experienced leaders to meet the onset of the Rum Power. Vantage ground will thus be constantly gained, the *esprit du corps* so created will be well nigh irresistible, and the progress of constitutional prohibition will be rapid and permanent. Other advantages to be derived from such an organization as Mr. Donaldson proposes will be apparent to the most casual observer, and need not be mentioned.

One idea which should be kept prominently in view is that the organization is for *work*, and the less attempt there is made at military parade and other clap trap the more effective will be the work.

I cannot see the object of the proposition to pledge ourselves not to favor national prohibition. A national movement cannot hurt, but will rather supplement state work; while four years hence, as at the present election, one party should oppose while the other dodge the issue, there is an increasing number who would feel bound either to vote for a third candidate or abstain altogether from voting—the latter a position no citizen has a right to take. I would suggest that this clause, with its proviso, be striken out and the pledge made to apply to state work only, leaving each man free to follow his own conscience as regards a national ticket.

I would also suggest the insertion of the following clause:

Believing in the righteousness and justice of our cause, and that "He that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be manifest," we would deprecate and discountenance the use of all secret and underhand methods in connection with this movement, as being abhorrent to American institutions and destructive of public confidence in the party employing them; and we do most earnestly advocate the use only of open and honorable means in the contest with the rum power.

Space forbids the consideration of other points of interest, but I would propose, if the BLADE will allow the use of its columns, that Mr. Donaldson's idea be discussed for two or three months, at the end of which time the editor of the BLADE formulate such details for organization as the majority seem to favor and he deem satisfactory; that a fund be raised to enable these forms to be printed and circulated; and that the BLADE be headquarters of the National Prohibition League (?) until at least three states shall unite to choose general officers. O. P. DERBY.

Charlestown, W. Va.

We are willing to give a reasonable amount of space to *very short* articles on this subject. (The one above is really too long.) We believe the clause regarding national action is all right, and should be retained. When Prohibition is fixed in the constitutions of three-fourths of the states, *then* the time has come for a National effort—not before.

Haven't You Felt Just So?

ISAAC N. WOOD, Fishkill, N. Y., July, 1884, wrote, "It is two years ago last spring since Warner's SAFE Cure cured me. I was called a dead man but that medicine brought me to life. I take a few bottles every spring to keep me right." He was afflicted for six years with pains in the back, ending in kidney hemorrhage. Cure permanent.

THE SUPPRESSED VOTE.

How Grover Cleveland Was Elected President.

Chicago Tribune.

The following compilation is based on on the census of 1880, increased to 1884 by the ratio of gain in the several states named between the years 1870 and 1880, and the official returns of the actual vote cast in November, 1884:

STATES	No. of Electors	Total white voting population in 1884	Total black voting population in 1884	Aggregate voting population in 1884	Total vote actually cast in 1884	Cleveland's vote in 1884	Blaine's vote in 1884	Suppressed vote, 1884	Cleveland's majority in 1884
Texas	13	816,666							
Louisiana	8	109,002	1,255,484	1,364,486	1,107,416	833,417	236,999	946,987	596,418
Arkansas	7	160,055	482,991	643,046	484,471	394,918	89,553	158,128	305,365
Mississippi	9	108,982	1,000,258	1,109,240	1,000,258	1,000,258			
Alabama	10	126,178	1,020,999	1,147,177	1,000,258	1,000,258			
South Carolina	9	138,589	1,020,999	1,159,588	1,000,258	1,000,258			
North Carolina	11	289,209	1,020,999	1,310,208	1,000,258	1,000,258			
Virginia	12	198,126	1,020,999	1,219,125	1,000,258	1,000,258			
Total	101	1,465,400	1,107,416	4,823,231	1,107,416	833,417	236,999	946,987	596,418
		117,417	1,255,484	1,372,901	1,255,484	394,918	89,553	158,128	305,365
		1,582,817	2,363,400	6,196,132	2,363,400	1,228,335	326,552	1,105,115	901,783

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules.

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on ONE side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. DO NOT interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XXII.

A very pleasant work for women, something that they can learn to do well, and that no possible objection can be urged against, is photographing. It is easy, light and pleasant, and while, like anything else that brings money and independence, it takes industry and brains to reach the highest success, there is absolutely nothing about it to make any girl or woman hesitate to undertake the business and to do it upon her own responsibility. By that I mean the establishing of a gallery of her own, instead of being employed by men. Of course one may feel a disinclination to take the burden of financial management, and some women are not qualified to do so, simply because they are not exact. This lack of exactness is, I take it, the great hindrance to prosperous business operations, but women are learning the lesson rapidly.

It does not matter, however, whether you secure and keep one of the several positions in a photographer's establishment, or have a gallery of your own, the same preliminary steps must be taken, that is, you must learn to do the work well. Of course, if you intend always to be an employe, you need learn but the one department, but the best way is to go through the whole from beginning to end, and then you are prepared for any emergency, and your services are the more valuable. An intelligent understanding of all branches of an art, trade, or profession, makes work in any one part of it more effective.

In the first place there is the operators' duties, which consists of taking the picture, to be immediately followed by what is called the work of the dark room, or developing the negative. Next comes the retouching which is the smoothing out of defects, and which needs a deft hand and good judgment; and finally, there is the printing.

There are no regular schools of photography. The best way to learn is to go into a photograph gallery and remain there a year. At the end of that time, if you have ordinary capacity and have made proper effort, you should to able to do the whole work fairly well. Of course experience will bring improvement, as it should, but, at least, you are independent as to methods.

During this year of what may be called apprenticeship, the wages you get will be small, probably not more than $8 a week, possibly even less. This may seem a small sum to be maintained through the whole year, but it must be remembered that during the first half the time, what you will destroy will possibly equal the gain of your employer from your more skilled work the last half. Afterwards operators get from $7 to $10 a week, and from that up to $20 and $25. Naturally there is a difference in photos. The operator in a leading gallery in a large city would get higher wages than in a small country town, but the cost of living in the latter is less. Printers and retouchers range from $7 up to $15. I am speaking of the average and not of exceptions. The hours of work are from eight in the morning until six at night in the Summer, with an hour off at noon for the midday meal. In the Winter the time is shortened, as it is necessary to do much of the labor by daylight.

Women desiring to become good photographers must have a taste for the work. They should possess some idea of the anatomy of the face and of drawing. To these subjects well, that is to arrange position so as to make sitters as well as possible, artistic necessary. Without it the most results cannot be obtained. A picture should show the subject to her best, for, as everybody never looks the same at all the sun imprint a representmay last for years, and yet pleasantly natural in the sight to be a poor photographer. the eye of the artist should to distinguish grace of good judgment in regard to distance, light, fall of drapery, ary, for these all have much the success of the picture. There other quality which is very im- You have heard of it before in yers. It is that of exactness. formula are to be employed and be rigidly followed. They are easily ed, but will admit of no carelessness in their use.

Almost every photographer's gallery has one or two girls employed in some capacity, but there are few women who conduct the business for themselves, though it is hard to see why they do not. An outfit to start in a small way can be purchased for $350. This sum may be increased almost indefinitely by more expensive belongings, but it is not a necessity for a beginning. Besides portrait photography, there is landscape, which, as the name explains, is the taking of pictured representations of buildings and bits of scenery, and the one who makes this a business has a portable outfit which enables him to go from place to place. That, too, woman could do successfully in small places.

Another branch of work which is done a great deal by women, is that of finishing photographs in water colors, India ink, and in crayon. This is a very pleasant employment and gives room for the exercise of a good deal of artistic taste. The best way to learn is to take private lessons of some one who understands the art thoroughly. It takes about three months to acquire a practical knowledge of each branch so that you can produce well finished work. Sometimes it is possible to go into some gallery and labor directly under the eye of the teacher all of the time. In one first-class establishment which I visited, I learned that the charge was $75 for the three months' teaching. It was low because the teacher had the benefit of the scholar's work, which, at the last would amount to something. When the lessons are taken by the hour, the price ranges from $1 to $5 according to whether it is in the city or in the country.

When accomplished in the art, the wages paid range from $10 to $20 a week, the sum depending upon the skill. Some persons take orders for themselves which they execute at home. Photographs are enlarged and then they use their skill in finishing them as desired. The amount of money which may be earned varies according to circumstances and surroundings, as well as to the celerity with which the labor is done. I know one lady who has made as high as $2,500 in a year, but she is a very fine artist, works rapidly, and has a large social acquaintance. Ordinarily this method of self-support is not considered as good as employment at one of the regular branches of photography.

Any girl who makes up her mind that she wants to learn this way of earning a living, should go to some gallery and apply for a place to accomplish her purpose. Be sure to go to a photographer whose work is reputed good. It is harder to unlearn poor methods, than to learn the best in the start. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Since commencing this series of papers I have received—and they come to me daily—scores of letters asking questions of various kinds, advice, etc. All who have enclosed a stamp will be answered in their turn, but the writers must be patient until I can reach them. One thing right here. It is no manner of use for any one to write to me to get her a place. I am not an employment bureau, and though I would gladly assist each and every one in need, you can all see how utterly impossible it would be for me to hunt up positions for a tenth part of those who might apply.

E. S. B.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Home-made Dressing Table.—A very pretty one can be made of a small square table and an old-fashioned looking glass. Choose some pretty place in the room where the light is good and place your table there with the glass directly over it. Just above the glass have a staple fastened to the wall which will come out considerably beyond the glass. Get a piece of striped scrym long enough to go over the staple and reach each side to the floor. Hem each end, and on one side sew a bread lace. Those who are fond of knitting could have a home-made edge. Loop each side loosely back at the height of the table with bright ribbons. Make a cover for the table of ecru linen, with a broad band of light blue felt pinked on one edge and trimmed on the lower with the same or wider lace that is used upon the drapery. This can be served with long stitches upon the linen so as to be taken off when washed. Put the cover on the table so that a point will come directly in front. Make a blue pincushion like a work bag, such as was described in the HOUSEHOLD awhile ago, and lay upon the table. Or what would be more convenient in the absence of drawers, have a box pincushion such as was also lately described which will hold the combs and brush. There should be a hairpin case to match the cushion.

Hints.—Rub the leather seats and backs of your chairs with the white of an egg. It brightens them up wonderfully. You may improve the leather bindings of your books in that way also.

A pretty way to decorate a flower pot for the parlor or sitting-room is to paint it black or very dark red, then fasten a band of bright blue or rich red plush or cloth around it at about the middle.

To wash delicate blues put an ounce of sugar of lead in a pailful of water, let the article soak an hour or two, then dry it, and it will then wash without changing color. Do not put the hands in this solution, as it is poisonous. Use a clean stick or wooden spoon to get it thoroughly saturated, and throw it across the line by the same means.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration."

A Mat for the Floor.—Cut pieces of fulled cloth, each piece about four inches long and three wide. Make one end rounded a little at each corner. Button-hole stitch it all ar und except the end which is not rounded—make two pairs in this end. Crochet a chain of seven stitches in each loop of the button-hole stitch. Go around the piece three times with colored wool or yarn, green, brown or gray is prettiest, as it represents moss. Sew these pieces on a stout cloth or canvas, beginning in the middle and sewing the plaited end to the cloth. Sew in rows toward the center. My mat is about a yard long and a little more than half a yard wide, and made of three shades of gray, the darkest in the center. One skein would be sufficient if you only used one shade. I used an old black coat for the pieces and part of another for the lining, so the expense was very little.—ETOILE.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t t o, throw thread over; k, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; d ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; t, treble; t t, long treble; o st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Scroll Leaf Lace.—Cast on 23 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—k 1—k 1—o—s l—k 1—pass s st ch over—k 9—o—n—o—n—o 3 times—n—k 1—o—n—k 1. 2d row—k 6—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 14—p 1—k 2. 3d row—s l—k 1—o—s l—k 1—pass s stitch over—k 3—n—o 2—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 4—n—o—n—k 2. 4th row—k 17—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2. 5th row—s l—k 1—pass s st ch over—k 1—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 2. 6th row—k 15—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2. 7th row—s l—k 1—o—s l—k 1—pass s stitch over—k 3—n—o 2—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—n—o—k 2. 8th row—same as 4th row. 9th row—s l—k 1—o—s l—k 1—pass s stitch over—k 1—n—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 2. 10th row—same as 6th. 11th row—s l—k 1—o—s l—k 1—pass s stitch over—k 3—n—o 2—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—n—o—k 2. 12th row—same as 4th. 13th row—s l—k 1—o—s l—k 1—pass s stitch over—k 15—o—n—o—n—k 3. 14th row—bind off three—k 19—p 1—k 2. Repeat from first row. In second row, make 4 stitches of large loop, formed by o 3 times in preceding row.—QUEEN ESTHER.

Goatleman's Scarf—(8 feet long.)—Get 8 skeins of Germantown yarn; make a chain two feet long; crochet back thus: d c 4 stitches, skip 2, making 2 loops d c 4, skip and 1 2. Proceed the same clear across. Repeat until scarf is of the desired length, always making the crocheted square come just above the square holes in last row and skipping 2 stitches in each of crocheted square in last row. This gives it a checkered appearance. Leave one skein unwound; cut in even lengths twice as long as you want fringe which should be at least 6 inches long. Take a bunch of this yarn (after cutting it) 10 or 12 threads thick. Double in center; place doubled end through hole in end of scarf; put cut ends through loop; draw closely. Repeat until all the holes in ends are filled. It will be nicely fringed. Chinchilla striped across the ends with clouded green Germantown or clouded brown Germantown striped with clouded scarlet or gray for scarf, also one all blue is nice. Make center and fringe of navy blue; stripe ends with different shades of same, or make center and fringe of clouted blue; stripe wish and fringe with pale and navy blue.

Will Miss Bouton or some one else please tell me the difference between Afghan stitch and Afghan stitch, and the abbreviations for same?

I wish to thank the ladies who gave directions for double heel.—A AUNT NANCY.

Correspondence.

A HOME MADE HOME—No. 2.—I thought I was never going to get time to make you another visit, but here I am again and I have come to stay awhile and tell you lots of things; to tell the truth I never know when to quit talking when I get started once, and the consequences have been that some of my long articles have not been published, and as the Editor says in her excellent article, it is not always what we think is best that is published, for I thought what I wrote on perforating patterns would help the ladies more than anything else I have written, so "Ralph Douglas" don't think yours is the only article that has spacious mats for capacious mats for the ravenous basket, for it has plenty of company I assure you. After Miss Bouton told us of the pretty room a fond mother arranged for her lovely daughter, I felt discouraged, but I have got two rooms adorned and have not spent as much money on both I believe as she did on the one. When I read last spring in the BLADE that the paper would stick to white washed walls if said walls were covered with glue water, I took heart and went to work tearing off the old paper and burning it as fast as I could, for it was hateful to my sight. Then, with a hoe and shingle, I scraped and dug the whitewash from the ceiling, and you may be sure it was no small or easy job, for I had it nearly all to do myself, and I didn't get it done in one day either. I had some lace on hand for my window curtains, for "pick up" work; I would scrape a little while and then I would sit down in the dirt and knit until I felt rested. Now I know some of you will think that was perfectly awful, and that you could not bear do that. Well, we don't really know what we can do till we are compelled to try. I thought it was a herculean task when I undertook it, but I got through by exercising a good deal of patience and no small amount of perseverance. After I had cleaned the ceiling I got alabastine and put on three coats, and it looked splendid. Then I commenced the papering, of course I had to have help about that. Got paper for both parlor and sitting-room pretty light, for I do like light, cheery rooms; only papered one room at a time, and then had to rest a week or two, but finally got it all done.

The windows and doors were not cased inside. Mr. Blank said he would have it done, but I told him if he would let me have the money to get paint to paint door, windows and baseboards, that I thought I could get along. So I got the paint and mixed it myself. For parlor, I took white lead, a little oil, a little varnish to make it hard, and turpentine; for the sitting room, I added to this yellow ochre and a little burnt umber; then I gave the sitting room woodwork all a coat of varnish. I have told you how the paint was mixed, so that you may assist yourselves, for you know a woman can do anything she is compelled to do, and as the Southern sister says, "what *can't* she do?" And now that the whitewash was cleaned up, and things commenced to look "kinder" clean, I commenced to enjoy it, even if I did have to *pull* myself out of bed in the morning, (and sometimes almost needed the assistance of someone else), and cripple around half of the day. But husband often got up as quietly as possible, and left me to snooze while he got his own breakfast and slipped off to his work. I tell you he is a good one and you don't blame me for wanting to fix a home tasty for him. For my border, I got a bolt of striped paper that matched my paper nicely; this made enough for both rooms. I used the pretty stripe for the parlor, and the one not quite so pretty for the sitting room. I put one strip around the top of the room, and another at the bottom, next the base board. Then I put strips of the same round the windows and doors. Now what do you think of that? Why; when I looked around I was astonished myself. I had two of the daintiest little rooms now to put the little extras in that you could imagine. But I must stop here lest this one goes in search of the other, first telling you that we had a good many messes of raspberries from the vines that the children put out last year, and that I had the loveliest pansies at the north side of the house (which is the proper place for them) and that if we have good luck we are going to have the nicest flower garden in this town next Summer for we have a splendid lot of seed. —CLARISSA.

OLD TUNES.—What a medium for information is the Toledo BLADE! My request for a hymn brought me a goodly number of responses by mail, coupled with words of sympathy and good wishes. Even the music was copied and poetry was composed for my especial benefit. I took great delight in reading all that was sent, and as for my gratitude, it is too deep for words. When business men and busy matrons and aged ladies will take the time to copy an old hymn for the gratification of a stranger, I am convinced there are many noble souls in this world of sin, sorrow and tears.

"There's always noble service
For noble souls to do."

Should they pass through the waters of affliction may they be upheld by Him who has said "It is I, be not afraid."

I crave the indulgence of the editor for a space to insert the following lines that will be apt to find a responsive cord in many hearts and awaken tender memories in those who have seen a loved mother pass from home and its sweet associations never to return, leaving hearts so sorely bereft and yearning for the tender mother-love that was once their happy portion. Can we ever forget?

"OLD TUNES."

No tunes so sweet as ancient tunes;
No music half so dear
As that which comes from aged lips,
And trembles on the ear.
The hymns that mother sang in days
Forever past and gone,
Still breathe of home and tenderness,
Of youth, bright, happy morn.
O grant old hymns of tender chords,
E'en like the breath of balm,
Ye check the fever of the soul,
And all its tumults calm.
Oft when afar from God astray,
A wanderer on the wild
And barren hills of weary earth,
A home-sick, lonely child,
Then like a river rippling on
Comes oft-repeated strain,
And with its words of melody,
Gives life and hope again.
When hearts are tender with God's love,
The hymns of early years
Make pulses throb with feeling deep,
And melt the soul to tears.
Then "sing them o'er and o'er again,"
To me songs, love the best.
So solemn, soothing in their flow,
Beautiful songs of rest."

—MRS. MARGARET LOGAN, Oneco, Stephen County, Ill.

HOT HOUSES.—I was reading in the HOUSEHOLD and I saw "Annie's" request for some one to give directions for making a hotbed. As I have raised them for a number of years I will describe mine. It should be made in a warm sunny spot, and be a little elevated and protected on the north side. Dig a trench the size you desire and about eighteen inches in depth, then fill in with good manure and let it stand until smoking hot. If this heat is not degenerated satisfactorily pour in boiling water and when it becomes hot cover with good rich garden loam. Set the frames, the lower frames is merely boards nailed together the same size of the notbed then it is lowered in the bed until the top edges of the frame are about three inches above the earth. The top frame is made with the usual slant as when sashes of glass are used. Have the two frames fastened together with hinges, as it is much more convenient.

The usual way is to have three beds covered with glass, but if you do not watch them closely they are apt to burn the seeds or cuttings, but I use the German hot-bed. Cover the top frame with white cloth, tacking it on smoothly and light, then make a mixture by taking one quart of linseed oil and two well beaten eggs, mix thoroughly and apply with a paint brush until every inch is well saturated with it. With this coaver there is no danger of heat to the young plants, and everything furnishes ready with a rubust growth that is surprising. It should always be sprinkled with tepid water. If you try this once you will never use glass or any other kind of a hotbed. We have kept three in use all summer starting young cuttings of house plants. —HONOR GLINT, Box 29, Fenton, Mich.

Inquiries.

Please give me a recipe for making crackers.—BREVITY.

Will the person who gave angleworm oil as a remedy for contracted muscles and joints please repeat it, also tell how it should be used, and how often and in what quantities?—D. H. H.

Will sister Ruth please be so kind as to give plain and full directions for making the three lovely quilts that she named a few weeks ago in the HOUSEHOLD department, the Railroad, the Rachel Real and the Rolling Stone?—EVA.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE send a sure remedy for taking pimples off one's face? I have been troubled with them for about two years, and have found nothing that would entirely relieve them.—HOLLYHOCK.

Attend to your diet and general health. Your blood is out of order. I presume your digestion is not good, and until it is you will be troubled. Follow carefully the directions in "Health and Beauty," and you will get better.—ED.

I would like to ask some one to tell me of a pretty way to make a slipper case. Also a pin cushion.—MARY.

Will the editor or some one of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what will cure chronic softening of the brain? Does a person ever die from the disease?—ENQUIRER.

Real softening of the brain cannot be cured. A person may have the symptoms, and then perfect rest and change of scene are needed.

Will the editor be kind enough to repeat recipe for washing fluid made of lime and soda, published in a previous number; also tell where the agent for Parisian dress patterns can be found. Myself and others have searched in vain in the BLADE for the advertisement. Please answer as soon as possible and greatly oblige.—A SUBSCRIBER.

It is impossible to repeat recipes that have been published within the year. You should save your papers or cut out the recipes. The address desired (and this we can not repeat again) is Mrs. N. M. Gates, Franklin, Delaware county, N. Y.—ED.

Will someone of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me if there is any commercial college in Indiana that will secure you a position as soon as you have completed your course, and where?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

1. When two or more couples enter a ball room is it proper for the lady of the last couple to enter before the gentleman?

2. When a gentleman accompanies a lady home, should he leave her at the gate or escort her to the door?—C. J OCKER.

1. The couples should enter two and two, each gentleman with the lady he is attending.

2. Escort her to the door, and wait to see that she enters without difficulty.—ED.

Will the kind Editor please tell me through the BLADE whether a soldiers heir can take a soldier's claim? My father died in the army when I was five years old and I being his only child and heir received a pension and his back pay, would I have a right to take a claim in his place?—KANSAS LONELY WIDOW.

His heir is entitled to the same privileges subject to the same limitations as he would have if living.—ED.

Will the editor, or some reader of the HOUSEHOLD that has "Health and Beauty," be kind enough to tell me the list of what should be eaten and what not, to reduce flesh. I see it spoken of in the HOUSEHOLD, but does not give the list. I do not feel able to purchase one of the books at present. —MRS. BYRON POTTRUFF, Salem, Oregon.

We cannot give you a list here, but you are to avoid all greasy foods, such as butter, oil, fat meat, etc., all sugars, eat little that contains starch, such as beans, peas, white bread, and do not drink with your meals.—ED.

Jennie T., Wauston, Wis., can have all of her questions answered in full by writing to Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, New Lisbon, Burlington county, New Jersey, who is a successful silk culturist.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

We have had a good many inquiries as to studies at home, how they can be pursued advantageously and when to make application. We repeat to-day the answer given before, that the Chatauquan Circle is one of the best means in the country for this purpose. Lately a new feature has been added which will be a great help to those who desire to become artists and have not the means to attend an art school. Every branch of art will be taught from elementary drawing to oil painting. For particulars write to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.—ED.

In answer to "Benjamin" and "Mary Louis's" request, I will send a salve recipe that has been known to cure a great many cases of running sores. It is 3 gills of sweet oil, 2 gills of linseed oil, ¼ lb. English red lead; mix the oil and simmer; then add the lead, and let boil about 20 minutes, stirring all the time, being careful not to burn. It should be spread thinly on a cloth with a small hole in center for it to discharge, changed every day and the sore washed with castile soap. It is also good for boils and swellings. For further information please write through the HOUSEHOLD.—BETSEY BLINKER.

In your weekly paper of the 5th inst. you give recipes for cure of diseases. I give you the following for sore throat: Gargle with fresh brewery yeast. For bronchitis, fevers of any description, also small pox, take the yeast, say a few teaspoonfuls occasionally. When it operates on the bowels quit taking, as the inflammation will be cured. Yeast is a sure cure for inflammation either inward or outward. I have recommended it to many sufferers and never knew it to fail.—A READER, Belle Vue Terrace, Lancaster, England,

Mrs. L. S. asks how to make a gum to put on cardboard so that when wanted for use it can be moistened the same as stamps or envelopes. Use gum dextrine, 2 parts; water, 5 parts; acetic acid, 1 part; dissolve by aid of heat and add 1 part alcohol.

For cleaning silver—Whiting and ammonia applied with soft flannel.—LOUISE.

To "Sweating Hands" I would say to make a small sack of some thin muslin and fill with corn or pulverized laundry starch; keep it near or in her pocket, and rub the hands; it is a great help when sewing, or before putting on gloves. It is not a cure.

To the persons wanting a remedy for cracks and sores, I would judge they had tetter, which is a twin sister to salt rheum. If they will take fresh butter without salt, spread it thinly on brass, leave it until it turns green, then grease the hands with it on going to bed, and put on gloves. I think they will find a cure. A half dozen applications cured mine when they were cracked as if cut, and the skin on the inside of my hands looked as if it had been seared with a hot iron.

If the person with scrofula sore will take plantain seed and make tea of it, or the root when they cannot get the seed, I think they will receive some benefit if not a cure. I have known several cured with it, and one little boy that could not be got to drink the tea was cured by his grandma making him little pies with the seed. It is good for any blood humor, the leaves wilted are pain-relieving to a hurt or sprain, and the seed makes an easing poultice.—M. J. B., Atlanta, Ill.

If "Florence" and others making inquiries about the kindergarten will write me, I will give them them the desired information. Address "Kindergarten," 621 Huron street, Toledo, O.

To "Ruth"—I tried the tidy, and am very well pleased. It is very pretty.—IDA.

Please say through the HOUSEHOLD to "Daisy Dean" that for those wishing to take a course of reading, the C. D. S. C. is just the thing. It cannot be too highly recommended. The course of reading, as the name indicates (Chatauqua Literary and Scientific Circle) includes literature and science in its most practical form and through all it "keeps the Heavenly Father in the midst." An average fee of 40 minutes a day is about the time the required reading takes. Miss Kate F. Kimball,; Plainfield, N. J., will furnish information on application.—"PLYMOUTH ROCK."

We shall be glad of a short paper upon the subject.—ED.

I wish to send a cure for frosted feet for the benefit of the HOUSEHOLD. Take of bruised flaxseed one handful, two tablespoonfuls of lard; simmer half day, strain when nearly cold, add the yolk of one egg and stir to a salve. Use this after bathing the feet in water hot as you can stand. When your feet are apparently well get a lot of oak leaves (you will still find on the trees), boil to a strong decoction, bathe your feet in it; being very stringent it hardens the parts and makes the cure permanent. Do not try in one week. They were so bad I could not wear shoes. Hope every one with frosted feet will try this recipe. They must not expose their feet while trying to cure them, also they will not be giving it a fair trial.—MRS. DOMINY, East Hampton, N. Y.

"Hebe." If good they are.—ED.

Recipes.

Swiss Pudding.—Swiss pudding is a very nice preparation of apples, and especially suitable for the children. Take a deep dish and cover the bottom of it with grated bread crumbs, then lay in some sliced apples, another layer of bread crumbs, another of apples, and so on until the dish is full, the last layer being of the crumbs. Make a custard of beaten eggs and milk, adding sugar, and pour over the apples and crumbs until the dish is quite full and almost running over. Place a large piece of butter upon the top, and bake in a brisk oven for half an hour. Some people think spice an improvement, and others add currants to the apples, but that is a matter of individual taste. The pudding can be made plainer by omitting the eggs, or richer by adding to their number.—EX.

Cough Syrup for P. M.—¼ oz. senna leaves, ¼ oz. flax seed, ¼ stick liquorice, 2 teacupfuls good cider vinegar. Boil until liquorice is dissolved, strain and bottle. Dose 1 teaspoonful as often as the case requires. —E. BEEMAN, Plattsville, Weld county, Col.

Cure for Diarrhea.—Please allow me space in your paper for our diarrhea remedy. I won't say remedy, I'll say cure, which nowadays means more than a remedy. 'Tis simply a tea made of white oak bark and allspice boiled together. Chop off a few chips taking off the dark outside bark using only that next the tree. Put on enough water to boil down quite strong, throw in a small handful of allspice, say a couple of tablespoonfuls. Boil all together. Cool it and drink instead of water and it will cure. We put ice in it in summer when we use it. We have used it for many years and know it to be good. Have used it in cholera seasons.—S. F. LUFKIN, Knoxville, Ill.

Sponge Cake.—One cupful sugar; 2 eggs; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 6 tablespoonfuls milk; 1 large teaspoonful cream tartar; ½ teaspoonful soda; 1 heaping cupful flour, and a little salt. Put all together before stirring.—N. A. M., Sherburne, N. Y.

To Make Vinegar.—For the benefit of "Massie," who says their vinegar will not turn, I will give the old-fashioned way of making vinegar that we practiced at our house for 40 years and never failed. It may throw some light on the subject: In the fall of the year father always stored a barrel of cider in the cellar and let it stand until spring. Then it was well settled, and soured and ready for fermentation. When the weather began to get warm he would draw off some and carry it up stairs to the half-barrel keg that always stood in the kitchen chamber beside the chimney. It was dry and warm there and the air pure. Then he weakened it. Two gallons of rain water to the half-barrel of cider always proved sufficient. Then he added a quart of molasses or a few pounds of sugar, left the cover off from the opening to the barrel and came away. This was all the attention our vinegar barrel ever received. When we wanted vinegar in the fall it was always there, and of the first quality. If a person keeps old cider on hand they can at any time of the year turn it into vinegar by diluting, sweetening and keeping in a warm place. Vinegar is an artificial product and will not turn alone no more than grape juice will turn into wine itself. It requires age to make wine clear and sparkling, so also it requires time to make cider into clear and sparkling vinegar. A cellar is the poorest place in the whole house to make vinegar in.—MRS. L.

—"100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

Our Young Folks.

HOW THE DIMPLES CAME.

JAMES M. ADAMS.

"How came," I asked a little maid,
"Those dimples in your cheek?"
And bent my head low down to hear
The little maiden speak.

"One dimples in my cheek," she said,
"Would 'ou really like to know?
They surely wasn't always there,
An' yet they didn't grow.

"'Twas when a little girl I sat
Beneath a g'eat big twee,
A little bird came down and sang
A pretty song to me.

"An' just before he flew away,
He tissed me 'one, two, fee,
An' every time he tissed so hard
He left a hole in me.

"But 'n I didn't tare, 'ou know,
It didn't hurt a mite;
Wish the bird would tum adin
An sing to me to-night."

HAPPY CHILDREN.

They sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there:
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although, I can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun,
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more the little maid sought he,
And bent him down upon his knee.
She turned her eyes upon the floor;
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then, his sweet behest
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did.
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

BEES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

You may have noticed how thin and transparent the wings of bees are, and that they are supported by delicate veins. Look at them with your microscopes, and you will see small hooks on the edge which fasten together the front and back wings during flight, that they may move as one wing.

The sting of the female is a remarkable instrument at the end of the abdomen. It consists of two darts and a sheath, connected with a poison gland. The wound is first made with the sheath, after which the darts are thrust out to deepen it. These darts have a number of pointed barbs at the end, and it is difficult to remove them from the wound, so they sometimes break off. This loss of the sting causes the bee to die, though not always immediately. The sting varies in form with different kinds of bees, and it is sometimes used for cutting, boring, and sawing holes in which to deposit the eggs. It is known as the "ovipositor." Male bees have no sting, and are harmless.

Humble-bees and hive bees live in large families, and are called social bees. There are also solitary bees which live entirely alone. The carpenter-bee is an interesting example of the latter kind. She bores her nest in old wood, mostly selecting the dead limb of a tree, an old post, or wooden railing. The bee bores a tube that soon makes a sudden turn, and is continued several inches down the trunk, parallel to the grain of the wood. This tunnel is afterward divided into cells, in each of which is placed an egg with a supply of food for the young larva. The partitions between the cells are made of the sawdust that has collected from her boring, moistened with a gummy fluid which the bee secretes.

She seems to know that the egg first deposited at the bottom of the tube will hatch first, so she bores a second opening at that part of the tunnel, through which the young bees come forth in succession at the proper time.

Humble-bees, as we have said, are among the social bees. They make their nests in holes in the ground, often taking possession of a deserted mouse nest. All the colony, except the females, die when winter comes. These remain in a torpid state, concealed among moss or rotten wood, to start new colonies the following spring.

The habits of hive bees are exceedingly curious and deserve our especial study. Every hive contains a queen bee, workers, and drones.

The whole labor of building the nest and providing for the large family falls upon the workers. They have a softer material to work in than the carpenter bee, since their nest is built of wax, which is a secretion of their bodies, and which collects in scales between the segments of the abdomen. With their feet they remove the wax, and work it with their mouths and mandibles, mixing it with saliva until it becomes soft and white.

It is then placed upon the ceiling of the hive, and the cells are carefully shaped and fitted to each other, forming the honeycomb which is our wonder and admiration. The manner in which the six-sided cells fit together gives the greatest possible amount of space, while it requires the best material for building.

In collecting honey for the hive a bee goes steadily from one blossom to another, visiting flowers of only one kind on each excursion; thus it does not bring back a mixed article. The long tongue or proboscis enters the tube of the flower, and laps up the honey. The tube of some flowers is too long and narrow for the bee to enter, so the honey is sucked from the cup on the outside of the flower, or the tube is pierced by the proboscis.

Most of this honey remains in the crop, or honey sac. Upon returning to the hive the bee enters a cell, and by the contraction of certain muscles the honey is forced back again through the mouth, and is poured into the cell. As the cells become full, they are sealed up tightly with wax. The honey has undergone some change while within the body of the bee, for is quite different from the pure juice taken from the flowers.

When bees leave the flowers the hair on their bodies and legs is covered with pollen, which they brush back into little pockets on their hind legs, and carry to the hive. It is a singular fact that the queen and the drones have no pollen baskets. As they never go out to gather honey, they need none.

Each hive has one queen, and she is the only perfectly developed female. She lays all the eggs, which sometimes amount to 2,000, in a single day. Different sized cells have been prepared for the three classes of bees, and the queen deposits each egg in its proper cell, gluing it slightly to the bottom. She first lays eggs which are to produce the workers, afterward those which produce drones, the last being placed in larger cells.

In three or four days the eggs hatch into little white grubs, and then the duties of the nurses or workers begin. The nurses feed the larvæ with a mixture of pollen and honey, which they have just swallowed, and which is already partly digested. The larvæ require a great quantity of food, and they grow rapidly until they almost fill the cell. When they refuse to eat any longer the nurses seal over the cells until the young bees are perfectly developed.

Fastened within its cell, the larvæ spins for itself a silken cocoon, and remains inactive, eating no food while the wonderful change is taking place. The care of the nurses has ceased, and when the perfected bee is ready to leave the cell it struggles out alone, and enters the busy throng outside with no one to welcome it. The workers soon take possession of the empty cell, and clean it for future occupants.

On the other hand, the young queen in her cell is treated with the greatest distinction. The larva is given richer food and in larger quantities than the workers or drones receive. When she is ready to leave the cell, the workers gather around and gnaw at the top of the cell until it is so thin that the movements of the young queen within may be watched. A hole is made in this cover large enough for her to extend her proboscis, and she is fed in this position for several days, uttering the while a peculiar cry called piping.

The queen seems to have a hatred for those of her own sex, and she will destroy the young queens that come within her reach. Consequently, if the bees have not yet swarmed, the workers do not allow a young queen to stir from her cell. After the old queen has left the hive with her swarm, the young queens are liberated at intervals of a few days, and they lose no opportunity to kill each other.

If by any accident the hive is left without a queen, the bees are thrown into great excitement, but they soon wake up to the necessity for action, and they begin to cultivate a queen, as it were. They select three adjoining worker cells which contain larvæ and cutting away the partition walls, convert them into one large cell. Two of the larvæ are destroyed, and the remaining one, by being fed on royal food, and having plenty of room and other favorable conditions, grows into a queen instead of a worker. This slight change of treatment not only gives her a different form and color, but it alters her whole nature, and gives her different instincts.

So you will see that queen bees and workers proceed from the same kind of larvæ, and they develop, according to the circumstances in which they are placed, either into queens or into workers.

The drones are males, and they take no part in the work of the hive. In the latter part of summer the workers kill them without mercy, as if they were determined to support them no longer. They attack the drones, and sting them between the rings of the abdomen, afterward throwing them out of the hive.

Bees usually swarm, or fly off in search of a new home, in the spring, never leaving the hive until it is well stocked with eggs and the weather is warm. When about to swarm, the queen and workers become very much agitated, hurrying to and fro for several days before they start. As the time for departure arrives, several bees fly in circles around the hive; suddenly the noise and bustle are hushed, and they all enter within. At a given signal, those which are to compose the swarm fly off rapidly, and select some tree or bush on which to alight. If their queen is not with them, they soon discover the mistake, and return to the hive, where they wait for several days before a second attempt is made.

When the bees have entered their new home, they arrange themselves in a loop or festoon by hooking their claws together, and hang from the roof of the hive. Thus they hang motionless for some time, while a store of wax is forming with which to build their new comb.

The bees which remain in the hive after the swarm has left quietly pursue their labors, and a new brood soon fills the vacancies. The young queens, in their turn, lead off new swarms, and thus proceeds the busy life in a bee-hive. There are sometimes as many as 50,000 bees in a hive, yet the work goes on without the slightest disorder or confusion.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE SNOW MAN.

BY BERTHA WATSON.

When the first snow came little Johnnie Lovell was out on the hill with the rest, stamping his feet to keep them warm, blowing on his numb fingers, and eyeing the coasters wistfully.

"Hello, Johnnie! don't you wish you had a sled?" said Rob Hilliard, mockingly.

"Yes, I do," replied Johnnie, emphatically. "What's more, I'm going to get one."

"How?" demanded Sam May.

"Oh, work, and earn money, and save up. See if I don't!"

"Good for you, little chap! Here's a dime to begin with," said Rob, tossing him ten cents.

"And here's a nickel," said Sam. "If I had more, I'd give it, but I haven't," and off he went.

That was a beginning.

Johnnie was a little boy, but he was industrious. He shoveled snow, he carried bundles, sometimes he even took care of Mrs. Dempsey's baby, but that was girls' work, and he hated it. Every night he went to the big hardware store to price sleds. There was a beauty there, a red one, "The Reindeer," and it only cost two dollars. Two dollars! That was very cheap. But, dear, how long it takes one little boy to earn two dollars!

Then there was Margie, Johnnie's lame sister. He never could resist the temptation to buy her an apple, an orange, or a bright picture. He began to be afraid the snow would all be gone before he got the sled.

I wonder why it never occurred to anybody to give him one! There were plenty of rich people living around them, but they always gave presents to Margie, or to Granny Lovell, who was old and rheumatic. Because Johnnie was such a bright little fellow and earned money for himself, they never thought of giving presents to him. They never noticed that his sharp little elbows had worn holes right through his sleeves, his hat was brimless, and his poor little toes were peeping out of his shoes. But what was that to Johnnie, if he could only get the red Reindeer!

At last he had the money. It had taken three long, long months to earn it, but now—twenty-five cents for carrying Mr. Hillard's lunch instead of only ten, as he had expected, and the two dollars were his.

He stopped at the hardware store on his way home to look at the "Reindeer," but he did not tell anybody he was going to buy it that very afternoon. Something might happen to prevent; his money might be stolen or burnt up before he got home. Terrified by the thought, he sped home, burst open the door, tore up stairs—yes, it was safe! He counted it twice to make sure. Each time it came out two dollars. He was rushing out again when Margie called him.

Johnnie never could refuse to hear that plaintive voice.

He turned back to the kitchen. She sat in the wheeled chair by the window, her pale, tired face aglow with some great excitement.

"O Johnnie, only

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers an l also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and answer on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

We have a query from several subscribers for seed of the "drouth-proof grass." If any seed dealer has it, he would do well to advertise in the BLADE.

STRING HALT.—Please give a remedy for string halt in horses.—W. J.

SUCKING PIGS.—I have been losing some sucking pigs. They are as fat as can be. I feed the sows plenty of milk and slop, and give them all the corn they want. I keep them in tight pens, as it is very cold for the little ones. When you pick them up they make no effort other than a kind of sickly squeal. Can some one tell the cause and give a remedy?—E. S. ROBBINS, Humboldt, Allen county, Kan.

TO THE EXPERIENCED.—Won't some of the BLADE readers who have had experience with incubators and brooders give us the benefit of the same? I want especially to know about the care of young chicks and turkeys. What is the cause and cure of sties on the eyelid?—Miss J. W. J., Parma, Mich.

TOBACCO—SCALES ON THE EYES OF STEERS.—Please give information through the BLADE on how to raise tobacco and how to cure it. What kind of ground is most suitable for it, and what kind is most suitable for the market? Where can it be sold, and how much does it bring per pound? I have two yearling steers; under the eyes and on the nose of each the hair comes off and a white scab forms, rough and scaly. Would like information as to the cause of it.—A. D. GARWOOD, Hicksville, Crawford county, Pa.

GRAPE VINES.—Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE tell me when is the best time to graft grape vines?—T. J. MCCONNELL, Fredericktown, O.

RULE FOR MEASUREMENT.—Please give the number of feet, square, or a correct rule by which to measure timothy, or red top hay in a barn or mow.—A. W. CHAPMAN, Yale, Ill.

Can you or any of the numerous readers tell me how to change the grains of one kind of corn into another one? Please describe fully if it can be done.—A. C. HALL, West Cedar, Kansas.

WILD ONIONS—KICKING COW.—What will destroy or kill out wild onions in wheat or meadow lands? What is the best way to break a cow from kicking?—D. L. MARTIN, Martin's Store, Ill.

WANTS TO KNOW.—How to raise grapes and quinces from cuttings; how to obtain the best fruit from Osage orange hedge, and the correct time to prune?—B. BRADLEY, Trenton, Clinton county, Ill.

THREE CLAIMS.—Will some of the BLADE readers that reside on government land and "under claims" give their practical experience in growing forest trees? What kinds will thrive and not winter kill, and the best method and time to transplant? What kinds will grow from cuttings, when to gather seed, how to keep them, when to plant? Also the best way to cultivate them? Will like many new settlers on government lands that the law requires them to set out and cultivate forest trees.—C. F. W., Marshall county, Ia.

TWO QUESTIONS.—Please tell me how to prevent rabbits and mice from gnawing fruit trees. Can you give me any information regarding the hardiness, value, etc., of the "red Siberian chestnut apple"—J. H. RAMSAY, Hunter, Ill.

WEAK BACK.—I have a mare that has symptoms of a weak back, but she can be driven and get on without much difficulty. Her weakness appears only when she attempts to do work. She then staggers as if she would fall. What is the trouble and what the cure?—W. M. ULER.

Answers to Inquiries.

C. A. B., Lisbon, Mich.—The fence mentioned in the BLADE FARM of March 12 is patentedand, and the article should not have appeared. The editor did not discover its true character till the paper was printed.

IMPORTED CATTLE.—"S. C. B." wishes to know if it is safe to take improved cattle to Texas. It is safe, if proper care is taken to keep them. I should think the advantages as a farming and stock country would be in favor of Kansas instead of Texas.—MORGAN WELSH, Blackburn, Mo.

THUMPS IN HOGS.—I saw in the BLADE, some time ago, the question asked, "What will cure the thumps in pigs?" Answer: Keep them out of manure heaps. Give them good bedding and feed them corn boiled in weak lye. Rub it on the colored feed three days in a day for two or three weeks. Try it and give the results in the BLADE.—T. J. MCCONNELL, Fredericktown, O.

GRAFTING WAX.—In your issue of March 5 I noticed an inquiry for making grafting wax for both root and limb grafting. My experience with the best sources for the last 25 years, is to take be swax and rosin, equal parts, melt on a gentle fire and stir so it mixes well. Apply hot with a pencil. It will not scorch the scion, and will fill up every crack around the latter.—HERBERT J. LEGRAND, New Hamburg, Scott Co., Mo.

BONE SPAVIN.—I saw in the BLADE that "Jd. H. F." of Union city, Ind., would like a receipt for the cure of bone spavin in a horse. I send him mine and I know it will cure: Take a large-mouthed bottle and put into it oil of origanum six ounces, gum camphor two ounces, iodine ointment one ounce, mercurial ointment two ounces. Melt by putting the bottle into a kettle of hot water. Apply it to bone spavin or splints twice daily for four or five days. The lameness will truly soon be nerve. Try and report.—J. FOSTER, St. Johns, Mich.

BLACK LEG IN CALVES.—Please tell the man who inquires about black leg in calves that I am going to try corrosive sublimate if I have any more cases. Western men change pasture on its first appearance. The "scaling remedy" has been found effectual in diphtheria, a bacterial disease. Wish our correspondent would write me if he tries it.—ANDREW A. HALL, Ft. Meade, Dak.

TREE LABELING.—In last week's issue the subject of tree labeling came up again. I wish to give the readers of the BLADE my plan, which I consider the best of all. In planting an orchard draw off a pan of the same on paper composed of squares, and let each square represent the tree and the name of the variety be written in that square. In this plan no labels are needed and no risk of damage from them. All that a person has to do is to refer to his plat and he can tell the kind of tree.—M. I. WINTERS, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Does It Pay to Raise Poultry?

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

This is a question that interests, not only every farmer, but every family owning at least one-half acre of land. Whether raising fowls will pay or not, depends in a great measure the care and attention they receive, together with proper mating in the breeding pen. I am thoroughly convinced as I ride through the country, that there is nothing so shamefully neglected as our hens. How often we see, especially in the winter season—when order ng a fresh egg for some invalid, we hear the remark, "Our hens are not laying." And why should they? Do they get fresh water every day, a good warm, well ventilated house, free from vermin, and with plenty of sunshine in it? What are you feeding them on? Anything besides that flesh-producing food, coral? Have you been interesting for the last score of years, and dared to incorporate the vitality of your stock? But enough of this. With the editor's permission I will tell you how I keep my fowls laying the greater part of the year in my next.—DR. A. E. GESLER, Saranac, Mich.

What Disease Is It?

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I have a mare that is sick, and I am not able to arrive at any conclusion as to what ails her. I have had some experience in the treatment of horses, but never saw one like this. I have "Navin on the Horse," "Antrim's Horseman's Friend," "Kendall's Farmer," but they throw no light on the subject. She is tolerably old, has the leaves—been complaining all winter more or less with the heaves—but nothing more than that, until within the last week. The first I noticed she would not eat, or could not. I soon discovered she could not swallow, only with great effort, and whatever she succeeded in swallowing, she would throw up within a few minutes. She slobbers or frothes at the mouth all the time. She coughs at intervals, and whenever she does, she vomits or throws up something like mucous, accompanied with white froth in abundance. She has no fever, but seems to be in pain. Under other circumstances her actions would indicate colic. If you can throw any light on this case you will confer a great favor on me, and perhaps many others. I do not expect to save this case, but she has been stabled with all my other horses, and I may have others attacked. If so, I would like to know how to treat them. —H. W. MCRILL, Mayson, Knox Co., Ill.

Gasseos Growing the Year Round.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I offer the following in answer to inquiries from a number of BLADE readers, which were evoked by my recent letter on grasses:

Winter grass (*poa arachnifera*) is comparatively a new grass, discovered in Texas by G. M. Hogan, in 1876. This grass begins its growth with the first fall rains of September and finishes off by maturing its seed in May. After this, it will remain green on moist land in shaded places, yet its growth is virtually done until the fall. It will grow on any land capable of producing Kentucky blue grass, and is much hardier, as it roots so much deeper. Land should be prepared for its reception, either for sets in spring or seed in August. I cannot say how much cold it can bear, yet it has stood a winter in Colorado when the thermometer registered 30° below zero. When this grass is once started it continues to spread and thicken up until the land where it is sown is completely covered. As this grass gives out in May, it is exactly at the time when the Japan clover (*Lespedeza striata*) comes in, which remains until severe frost in the fall, when it disappears. Experiment has proved that these two will grow harmoniously on the same piece of land without detriment to either, as their growing is done at entirely different seasons of the year, one remaining dormant while the other is perfecting its growth. So these two perennials, without any outside assistance after starting, will keep a piece of land continually clad with the most nutritious grazing verdure. There are many good summer grasses from which to select, but for places subject to severe drought the *panicum spectabile* or *sorghum halepense* are to be preferred to any others that I know of, as no drought can injure them to any extent. As every one knows the value of sweet potatoes for porkers, I will pass them by and refer to Chufas, which for fattening hogs and poultry have no equal, and the beauty about these saccharine nuts is that the hog digs them for himself and as he wants them, and so soon as turkeys and chickens find them out they, by their own exertions, amply supply themselves and cons quently soon become the most fancy, fat and palatable fowls to be met with. An acre of land in chufas, according to its fertility, will make all the way from 500 to 2,000 pounds of pork.—J. WINSTEAD, Highlands, N. C.

Chicken Houses.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In the 26th of February edition of the BLADE I saw a request from M. L. H., Quaker City, O., for a plan of a chicken house. The one given below will, I think, give entire satisfaction. Outside—sixteen by 7 feet, with gable roof. (If a flat roof is preferred, make the back seven feet and the front nine feet high). It is made of upright boards, battened. On the south side, or front, is a door 6 feet high and 30 inches wide. This is placed 24 inches from the west corner. Two feet from the east corner is a window 28x24 inches, containing six panes of glass, size 8x10 inches. Placed perpendicular in the sill on the inside are six pieces of glass, size 8x10 inches. Placed perpendicular in the sill on the inside are six iron rods one fourth inch in diameter and 20 inches in length. They are placed four inches apart. The window is opened by sliding to the west. The top of the door and window are on a level. On a level with the floor, under the window is a small door 12x12 inches. This is opened by sliding to the east, and is used as an exit and entrance for the fowls. Also as a place through which to sweep the droppings. On the north side or rear is placed a frame over which has been tightly nailed a piece of a gravel screen, size 12x60 inches. (It is well to have two mullions in this frame.) It is placed two feet from the east corner and five feet above the bottom edge. In winter and when not using it, it is covered by a door 12x60 inches, which is fastened by means of hinges to the lower part of the frame. When open this door can be used as a shelf or can be allowed to swing back against the house, where it will be out of the way. This window will serve to give a current of fresh air to the poultry in summer, as it can be left open all the time, and moreover it is thief proof.

Inside—7 feet wide, 7 feet high, 12 feet long. It is finished on the inside after this style: It is lathed and plastered, but has no white coat on it, except a whitewash one. In the east end are the roosts, size 6½x4 feet. They consist of three bars 4 feet in length, and six bars or roosts 6½ feet long, with the exception of one which is 7 feet. These pieces are to be made in a panel with the 7-foot bars on one side and the 4-foot bars on the ends and in the middle. In the corners are two posts 3 feet tall, and in these are bored two holes 2½ feet from the floor, to receive the ends of the seven-foot roost. This forms a sort of socket or hinge. The bars or roosts should be placed nine inches apart. If they are round they should go through the four-foot bars, but if square they should be mortised. Four feet from the wall, at the height of five feet, should be placed a pin, one on each side. These are for the purpose of resting the front edge of the roosts when in position for the poultry. To the front bar at the south end of the roost tie a rope and pass the end over a pulley in the southeast corner of the building, and tie to the end through another one by the door. This is for the purpose of drawing the roosts up against the wall when wanting to clean or sweep out the dirt. To keep out rats, have rat-proof floors. The floors can be made of brick, stones or flooring. I prefer flooring of good pine. As to nests, take a board and fix it on brackets or posts 28 inches from the floor. This will be the bottom shelf of the first row of nests, the size to be 12 inches deep, 8 inches wide and 8 inches high. On the front of the nest partitions nail a strip 3 inches wide to prevent the eggs from rolling out of the nest. Slope from the top of the 3-inch board to the edge of the roof. This is only 10 inches wide, making the nests 10 inches deep, 8 inches wide and 8 inches high, or, if preferred, make boxes. These will extend 7½ inches into the back and across the end back of the door. In front of the lower nests place a broad bin inside for a walk. A ladder may be made from a board with cleats nailed six inches apart. The floor of the second tier of nests will be twelve inches wide, but the nests will only occupy ten inches, so this will leave two inches for a walk. If this will be of any service to any of the BLADE readers, I am only too glad to do it.—FRANK FERGUSON, Iron Furnace, O.

Sour Slop.

An Iowa man says: "I have cooked or steamed corn for hogs for four years; my profits on one pen are nearly $1,000, and the pens are so arranged that I can keep them perfectly clean. The hogs are allowed to go out for water to runs where there is clean gravel, and the pens are swept every day. I have a steam engine, sheller, mill, vats and every convenience that money can buy, but have come to the conclusion that there is no advantage in cooking food for hogs. Now I have large casks for soaring slop, so arranged that I can pump water into them; I start with three or four bushels of fine meal and water enough to thin it; stir every day, and when it sours begin feeding, and by the addition of meal, water and the house slops keep it in the right condition. It is a advantage to put some flaxseed into the slop, as it helps to keep the hogs healthy. This is better than cooked food."

Compost.

For composting dead leaves the Connecticut *Experiment Station* says: Use 1 bushel of fresh-slaked lime to every 15 or 20 bushels of the leaves and dark loam lying beneath them. A bushel of lime is recommended for 10 of swamp muck. Twenty bushels of the leaves and muck should be spread six inches deep, then a bushel of lime warm from the slaking is sprinkled over the layer, repeating the process till the heap is several feet high.

Quinces.

If quince trees are thrifty and fail to set fruit on account of excessive growth, the shortening-in method will prove satisfactory, though removing branches is not to be recommended. June is the season to begin pruning for fruitfulness by pinching off the new growth when five or six inches in length, and continuing to pinch as growth is renewed; this promotes growth of fruit and formation of fruit-spurs.—*Cor. Tribune.*

Women Who Read the Advertisements.

For the purpose of attracting attention to their establishment a dry goods firm of Cohoes, N. Y., advertised that they would sell three yards of silk for one cent. The store was thronged with women at an early hour and a quantity of silk was secured by the first comers. This heightened the excitement, and soon the store and sidewalk were blocked with half-frantic women. Some of them climbed on the counters, others screamed, a few fainted and others were trampled upon and severely injured. Several hundred dollars' worth of goods were destroyed and for a while pandemonium reigned. Many articles of value were stolen. The firm were paralyzed at the astonishing results of this advertisement. A detail of police was found necessary to clear the building.

"O! Suffering Woman!"

C. F. B. HASKELL, (formerly of Vernon, Vt.) now locating engineer on the B. C. R. and N. Railroad, Dakota, stated in 1882, that his wife was utterly prostrated with female difficulties, and did not seem to be amenable to physicians' remedies. She could not sleep, trembled like a leaf, periodically lost her reason. They then began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure. Writing in July, 1884, from Dakota, Mr. Haskell says: "My wife has never seen the slightest inclination of a return of the difficulties Warner's SAFE Cure removed." Try it, O, suffering woman!

News of the Week.

A Chicago Girl's Story of Chloroform and Abduction.

A Chicago special of Wednesday says: The facts relative to an abduction in Jefferson, a suburb of this city, have just come to light. Last Wednesday afternoon Annie, the 17 year old daughter of Henry Eikenberg, a saloon-keeper on North avenue, near Sheridan street, visited Humboldt postoffice, corner of North and California avenues, distant about a mile and a quarter. She was accompanied by a younger sister, and having secured their mail they started home. The road the greater part of the distance lay along the north edge of Humboldt park, and as far as the boulevard is thickly populated. On reaching the boulevard, according to her own statement and that of her sister, two men seized her and applying a handkerchief saturated with chloroform to her nose, carried her to a two-wheeled gig which stood near and drove off with her. The abducted girl was picked up by a policeman in the city Wednesday night and taken to the West Chicago avenue station. She states that when she recovered consciousness she was sitting in the gig in front of a saloon near one of the cable car lines. The men went in to get a drink and she sprang to the ground, her cries for help frightening away the kidnappers, who drove off as fast as they could, and attracting the attention of an officer who took her to the station. The father was very loth to say anything in regard to the affair, but from him it was learned the girl had been under medical treatment for several years for a very peculiar disorder which physicians are unable to classify, although she has been examined by some of the best in the profession. She is very weak and nervous, and it is feared her night's experience will derange her mind. The father believes the kidnapping was instigated by doctors who wished to secure her for further examination. He expresses a determination to thoroughly investigate the affair.

The Chicago Election Frauds—Two Years' Imprisonment and $5,000 Fine.

After hearing elaborate arguments for a new trial in the case of Joseph P. Mackin and Wm. Gallagher, who were found guilty in the celebrated Eighteenth ward election case, Chicago, Judge Biodgett, refused to grant a new trial. He then ordered the prisoners to stand before the bar and formally sentenced each to two years imprisonment in Joliet, and also imposed a fine of $5,000 on each. He then ordered them into the custody of the United States marshal and defined the date of their removal to Joliet for ten days. Neither men flinched when the sentence was pronounced. Gleason's case was not disposed of, as Leonard Swett wishes to present some arguments to the court.

The prisoners were then taken to the county jail and locked up. Papers will probably be perfected soon appealing to Judge Blodgett for a review of the case, pending which the prisoners will doubtless be released on bail again. It is believed a review by Judge Gresham is the last move which the prisoners can make to delay or avoid punishment.

"Reform" Strikes Louisville.

A sensation was created in Louisville Friday by the announcement that all the gambling houses in the city had been closed. Chief of Police Whallen has notified all the proprietors to close up or be raided. One and all quietly shut up their shops and closed their games, many expressing themselves as glad to quit the business. Louisville has been the paradise of the gamblers for years, and the amount of gambling indulged in prodigious. Vigorous war on gaming has been made recently and the closing is one of the results. It is not known just what the result will be, but it is thought that the large houses, backed by plenty of capital, will resume business, while only the smaller establishments will be closed permanently.

Tragedies in Indian Territory.

By the arrival of a deputy marshal at Fort Smith from Indian Territory, two bloody tragedies of recent occurrence are brought to light. About three weeks ago John M. Oliver, a prosperous white man living near Stonewall, Chickasaw Nation, sent to a neighbor named Crockett for some beef. Crockett sent the beef, but charged Oliver $20 and paid what was owing him. A few days later Crockett, while passing Oliver's house, was shot and killed by Oliver. Several deputy marshals in the neighborhood pursued Oliver and attempted to arrest him. He resisted with a Winchester rifle and pistol, and made a desperate fight, but finally, after being wounded four times, a bullet took him in the mouth, killing him instantly.

A Reminiscence of the War.

Capt. T. G. Dreaning, the pilot whom Admiral Porter, in his "Reminiscences of the War" just published, accords the credit of having saved his flag-ship, the Cricket, during the memorable expedition of the Mississippi fleet up the Red river, is a resident of Galena, Ill., and a brother-in-law of Gen. A. L. Chetlain of Chicago. The Cricket was exposed for 25 minutes to a nineteen-gun Confederate battery, and was raked fore and aft, her officers and crew nearly all killed or wounded, the engineer falling dead with his hand upon the throttle valve. The storm hailed down upon the Cricket was one of death and destruction, but Admiral Porter says that Dreaning, with a shell-wound in his head and the blood streaming down his face, stood coolly at the wheel and managed the vessel so skillfully that she was finally saved by getting out of reach of the Confederate guns.

Gen. Grant.

S. B. Elkins, whose father was relieved of a cancer on the lip two years ago, writes that he has tried for five weeks to get Drs. Fordyce, Parker and Dr. Douglas to consent to let the cancer specialist see Gen. Grant, and they have not agreed to it. Elkins wrote yesterday: "Come here anyway. Col. Fred Grant says you may see the General, although they may not let you operate." Elkins also writes: "I know his case is not as bad as father's, and think you can cure it."

California Crops.

The San Francisco *Call* publishes crop reports from all the agricultural counties of California. In the Sacramento Valley grain is in good condition; showers within a fortnight will make an abundant harvest. The same may be said of the bay and coast counties. Grain in the San Joaquin Valley is suffering from lack of moisture. In some localities it is likely to prove a partial failure even if rain comes within a few days. In the extreme southern counties the prospect is good. The usual March showers will insure a full crop. The acreage equals that of last year.

A Bell Cast in 1741.

Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Ill., having given his consent, the old bell belonging to the Catholic church at Kaskaskia, Ill., and once the seat of the Spanish empire in the Mississippi valley, has been sent to the World's exposition at New Orleans. It is the first bell that ever tolled west of the Allegheny mountains; was cast at Rochelle, France, in 1741, and was presented by the King of France to Louis Buyatte for the parish of Kaskaskia, where during the past 140 years it has been in use.

Death of Roscoe Conkling's Sister.

At a private boarding-house in Rochester, N. Y., occurred the death of Mary Conkling, the maiden sister of Roscoe and Frederick Conkling. She was about 65 years old and had resided in that city most of the time since her father's death. She led a very retired life, devoting her time and means to reading and the study of events in the political and literary world.

Fish's Trial.

The trial of James D. Fish, formerly president of the Marine national bank, of New York, was begun Wednesday afternoon before Judge Benedict, in the criminal branch of the United States Circuit court. The defense tried to secure a postponement on the ground of Gen Grant's illness, but the court ordered the trial to proceed.

John Kelly.

John Kelly is rapidly recovering from the illness under which he has been laboring for some time. He now enjoys long drives each day and has a capital appetite. He expects to be again at his office on Park Row during the present week.

Yellow Fever.

The United States ship, Lackawanna, arrived at San Francisco from Acapulco, reports she had twelve cases of yellow fever. Owen Griffith, barber, and William Wilde, a sailor, died.

Woman Suffrage Vetoed.

Gov. Pierce, of Dakota, has vetoed the Woman Suffrage bill.

Fifteen Years!

JNO. L. CLARK, M. D., Waterloo, N. Y., in 1881, was prostrated with Bright's Disease, crick in the back, rheumatism and malaria. From the latter he had suffered for fifteen years without help. In 1884 he says, "Warner's SAFE Cure cured me and I am sound and well." If you doubt, ask your neighbor!

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Rush for Office.

The applicants for office increase every hour. Carl Schurz thinks his services in the recent campaign are entitled to some recognition, and he is put down as an applicant for a foreign mission. Carl will take anything the administration will offer, though he would rather have a foreign mission than any other office. The talk is that Indiana will be given the Commissionership of the General Land Office, and that Judge David Turple, of Indianapolis, has been offered the same. Should he not want it George W. Julian will be asked to take it. He, however, is said to be physically unable to perform the labor of the position. Gen. Singleton, of Illinois, is looking after the commissionership of Agriculture. Ex-Sen. Slater, of Oregon, wants the land office, for which, as was said above, an Indiana Democrat is already booked. Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, thinks he could fitly represent this government among the Mexican greasers, while ex-Congressman Walling thinks any other climate but that of the United States would suit him about as well as anything he knows of. It is said that Walling has a round trip ticket, and will go back to Ohio should nothing better offer. Gen. Joe Johnston says he does not want one of the local District of Columbia offices.

Logan and Morrison.

A Washington paper says: Mr. Morrison came to Washington from Illinois to obtain proof that the administration was not opposed to his election as senator to succeed Gen. Logan. It has been asserted in Springfield that Mr. Cleveland's special friends here would prefer to see some other Democrat come to the Senate. He spent the time of his visit in seeing one Eastern statesman after another to obtain a disclaimer of such reports. As soon as he got a man to say that he would be glad to see the caucus nominee of the Illinois Democrats elected Senator, he rushed a telegram to that effect through to Springfield. He sent away several dozen telegrams of that kind yesterday, and then he went West himself to enforce them. He carried with him an indorsement from all the Democratic members from Illinois. Col. Morrison is not very sure of an election. He does not think that Logan will be elected, but would prefer that even to the success of any "guerrilla" Democrat. Illinois Democrats here are generally of the opinion that there will be no election by the legislature at this session, and that the governor will appoint Logan to the vacancy. There is a very good feeling between Logan and Morrison, and there is very little bitterness in the contest. Col. Morrison said yesterday that he could never forget that he and Logan were once comrades in the army, and that both were wounded in the same cause in the same battle. Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Morrison traveled together from Springfield to the battle field, and in that dreadful time had robbed her of her husband. Such times are not forgotten by brave men.

The German Tariff.

The Department of State has received a dispatch from Kasson, American Minister in Berlin, stating that the new German tariff on agricultural products has passed, to take effect immediately. Under this law the following duties will be collected, viz: Upon wheat, 3 marks; rye, 3 marks; buckwheat, 1 mark, and barley 1 mark for 100 kilos. Under the provisions of the treaty between the United States and Prussia, this country will be entitled to export rye to Germany, under the most favored ratio clause of the treaty, at the old rate of 1 mark per 100 kilograms until June 30, 1887. Americans desiring to ship rye to Germany at the old rate of duty will be required to procure certificates of American origin from the German Consuls at the port of export.

Corn and Wheat.

The report of the consumption and distribution of corn and wheat from statistical returns from the department of agriculture shows that 37½ per cent. of last year's crop of corn remains in the farmers' hand, against 33 per cent. on the first of March, 1884. The supply in the farmers' hands last March was 512,000,000 bushels, the remainder now is about 675,000,000. The stock on hand in the mills is 29,000,000 against 22,000,000 last March.

In the South the proportion is the same as last year, 41.6 per cent., but the quantity is 145,000,000 bushels against 138,000,000 the previous year. The proportion in the West is 36.7 instead of 39.7, and the quantity amounts to 490,000,000 bushels, or 144,000,000 bushels more than the stock at last March. The years of low stock remaining at the same date was 187,000,000, or 36.3 per cent. of the crop of 167,000,000. The amount shipped is a few millions less than last year.

The exports equal 28,000,000 bushels against 22,000,000 bushels up to the same date in 1884, and the commercial receipts at the western primary points, including a portion of merchantable corn is very large, 89 per cent., against an average of 80 per cent. for a period of years and 69 per cent. for the last year. The wheat reported in the farmers' hands is about 33 per cent. of the crop, or 160,000,000 bushels, or 50,000,000 bushels more than the stock on last March, when the crop was less by 93,000,000 bushels.

There has been a slightly freer use of wheat for bread and a little of the poorer quality has been fed to stock. The stock on March 1, '83, was 28.5 per cent. of the previous crop or 143,000,000 bushels, and that of March 1, '82, was 98,000,000 bushels. The quality is reported above the average in every western state except Illinois and Missouri and in nearly all the Atlantic and Gulf coast states.

The Senate Wednesday.

The "Backbone" resolution offered by Van Wyck was laid before the Senate as unfinished business. Van Wyck said the Senator from Colorado, Teller, had gone to New York to be absent a day or two, and asked that the resolution be deferred until Friday. Van Wyck offered the following resolution, and asked that it be laid upon the table for the present:

"Resolved, That the secretary of the Interior and attorney general of the United States be, and they are directed, respectively, to take such action as each may deem necessary to prevent any sale by the Atlantic & Gulf West India Transit company, or by any company or person claiming under them, of lands described in the act approved May 17, 1856, entitled an 'act granting public lands in alternate sections to the states of Florida and Alabama, to aid in the construction of certain railroads in said states,' so far as the same lie within three miles of said railroads between Wacahoota and Tampanny, Florida, until Congress shall have authorized the same."

Allison moved that the Senate adjourn. Morrill said he had heard, very indirectly, that there would be a communication from the Executive. Allison was glad the Senator from Vermont was able to speak for the Executive, and withdrew his motion.

After the lapse of 20 minutes Sen. Frnden appeared and delivered "sundry messages in writing." The Senate went into executive session, and five minutes later adjourned.

Gen. Butler.

One of the managers of the National Soldiers' Home said that the board is now engaged in preparing its facts relative to the deficit claimed to be found by the House Military committee in Gen. Butler's accounts while treasurer of that body, amounting to over $211,000. When they are arranged the board will take steps to recover this amount, bringing suit therefor, but in just what way is not yet determined. Gen. Rosecrans suggested, when preparing the report of the Military committee, that the managers, being a corporate body, should sue for the alleged deficit, and that plan they expect to follow. Gen. Butler has been absent the capital this week. He seems to have aged considerably since the recent campaign.

The Vice-President Don't Represent Anybody.

An interesting contest involving the respective prerogatives of a vice-president and a representative in Congress remains to be settled between Vice-President Hendricks and Representative Bynum, from the Indianapolis district. Both claim the right to name the successor to the present postmaster at Indianapolis. Mr. Hendricks claims that as he is vice-president he ought to have the right to control the appointment of the postmaster at his own home. Mr. Bynum says that Mr. Hendricks is not a representative officer and that he (Bynum) is.

It is related that when Mr. Hannibal Hamlin was vice-president he requested the postmaster-general to appoint a certain man postmaster of a little town in Maine and the cabinet officer declined, saying that the representative from that district was the proper person to control the appointment.

"But," said Mr. Hamlin, "you forget, perhaps, that I am vice-president."

"No, I do not," was the reply; "you hold a very exalted office, but you actually represent nobody."

The venerable Hamlin bowed his head a moment and finally said, good-naturedly: "Well, that's a fact; I don't represent anybody or anything."

Vice Pres. Hendricks recently applied to Postmaster Gen. Vilas to have a friend appointed to the position of superintendent of the free delivery at the Chicago postoffice to take the place of a Republican incumbent. Mr. Vilas, upon inquiry, learned the above named officer was usually appointed by the Chicago postmaster and informed Mr. Hendricks that he could not interfere.

The New Ten-Cent Stamp.

The confusion of the business of Congress during the last night of the session, when the appropriation bills were sent back and forth from one house to the other, has left almost all of the members of the House except those who were members of the appropriation committee in a fog about the ultimate fate of some of the questions in dispute. Some of these were settled in conference committees, and in other cases one or the other branch receded from its disagreement without afterward informing the other house of the fact. An instance in point is found in the postoffice appropriation bill. It appears that after the House yielded to the demand of the Senate touching the ocean mail subsidy, Sen. Plumb arose in the Senate, about 5 o'clock in the morning of the 4th of March, and moved that the Senate agree to the sections relating to the special delivery of letters, as the House was resolute and only a few hours of the session remained. Mr. Plumb's motion was agreed to, and no formal notice of the fact was sent to the House. These sections, which go into effect on the 1st of July next, authorize the postmaster general to provide special 10-cent stamps, the use of which in addition to the postage, will insure the immediate delivery of letters to the persons addressed at any free delivery office, or in any town containing a population of 4,000 or over, or at any other office that may be designated for the purpose by the postmaster general. It is provided that letters having the special stamp shall be delivered by messenger boys, who are to be paid not more than $60 per month, and the cost of this service is restricted to 80 per cent. of the receipts from the sales of special stamps.

The Senate Thursday.

Manderson offered a resolution, which he asked might be printed, and lie on the table. It calls upon the secretary of State for such information as the department may have regarding the rumored attempt of Gen. Ruffino Barrios, President of Guatemala, to seize upon the territory or destroy the integrity of the republics of Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador and Costa Rica, and to report what steps are being taken by the government to preserve the rights of the United States under existing or pending treaties.

Sen. George presented the credentials of Walthall as senator from Mississippi, vice Lamar, resigned, and Walthall took the oath. Van Wyck called up his resolution directing the secretary of the interior and attorney general to take steps to prevent the sale of lands granted to the state of Florida to aid in the construction of railroads in that state.

A long debate followed. The Senate adjourned without executive session and without receiving any nominations from the President.

He Sent a Diagram.

There were nearly five hundred applications for postoffices received at the Postoffice Department Wednesday. Some of the letters are very amusing. One from a Postmaster in Iowa was recorded asking to be retained in that position. It was accompanied by a photograph of the writer and stated that he was a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism. At the close of a long diagnosis of his ailments was a rough drawing of a man's leg twisted and contorted into almosta right angle, while beneath were the words, "this is a diagram of my leg."

Rivers and Harbors.

Notwithstanding the failure of Congress in the last session to make appropriation for the rivers and harbors, the engineers in charge of improvements will be able to continue work for some time. Of the $14,000,000 appropriated at the close of the first session of the last Congress, there was about $9,000,000 balance in the treasury the latter part of February. This appropriation was not made until July, 1884, and it was not until August that it was available. At that time but a short period remained during which work could be accomplished. Especially was this the case in the North. A considerable portion of the $9,000,000 will be used in contracts which have been made, and under which contractors will work during the coming season.

In the bill which passed both houses of Congress last year there was a clause providing that the engineers in charge of improvements on the Portland, Ky., St. Marys, Mich., and Des Moines, Ia., canals should draw upon the treasury, through the secretary of war, for their operating expenses and repairs, without reference to any appropriation. This will enable the officers in charge of these improvements to continue the work without disturbance. Officers in the engineer department of the army say the Mississippi river will be the greatest sufferer because of the failure of Congress to make an appropriation. There was available at the beginning of the present year but about $500,000 for the continuing of the improvements on that river. Other improvements to suffer will be those whose early completion is necessary that the object desired may be obtained. Of the money appropriated, there is now on hand a sufficient sum to preserve the improvements until another appropriation is made, and it will be reserved wherever it is possible.

The Belgium Tariff.

The treasury department received information through the department of state to the effect that the bill recently introduced in the Belgium House of Representatives to establish a duty on cereals, cattle, etc., imposes a duty of one franc per 100 kilogrammes on wheat and rye, two francs on barley, buckwheat, oats, Indian corn and beans, and one franc on oatmeal, flour and grits, fifteen francs per head on oxen, cows and bullocks, five francs on heifers, one and a half francs on sheep, and three francs on pigs.

Exports.

Values of the exports of breadstuffs for eight months ended February 28, 1885, $109,-191,135 against $110,383,674 for the same period in 1884. Beef and pork products for four months ended February, 1885, $35,-187,853, against $33,192,422 for the same time in 1884. Dairy products for ten months ended February, 1885, $13,643,420, compared with $14,814,716 for the like period in 1884.

Treaties Returned.

The President's message asking for the return of the Nicaraguan, Spanish and Dominican treaties was received in the Senate Friday in executive session. The treaties will be returned to the Executive at once, no action of the Senate being required.

Nominations.

Col. Nelson H. Davis, inspector general, to be inspector general with the rank of brigadier general; Lieut.-Col. A. Baird, inspector general, to be inspector general with the rank of colonel; Maj. Robert P. Hughes to be inspector general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The Senate confirmed Charles S. Fairchild, of New York, as assistant secretary of the treasury.

Now the Bourbons Will Howl.

The first decided action of Sec. Manning in regard to changes in the force under the treasury department was announced Friday. It consists of a material reduction in the force in the special agent's division, whereby it is expected that a saving of $40,000 annually will be effected the service of 40 persons in various parts of the country have been dispensed with, and notices to that effect mailed them to-day. The list includes six special agents, 26 special inspectors of customs, and 10 employees whose names are borne on the secret service roll. This action reduces the number of agents to 22, inspectors to 25, and the fraud roll employees to 15. It is stated at the department that these changes are made solely in the interests of economy, and no new appointments will be made.

Pres. Cleveland's Oklahoma Proclamation.

In a proclamation issued Friday, after reciting the fact of organized bodies of men threatening to invade the Indian country, Pres. Cleveland says: "Now, therefore, for the purpose of protecting the public interests of the Indian nations, and to the end that no person or persons may be induced to enter upon said territory, where they will not be permitted to remain without permission or authority of the aforesaid, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby warn and admonish all and every person or persons now residing upon said lands, and all such person or persons as are intending, preparing or threatening to enter in or settle upon the same, that they will not be permitted to enter upon said territory, or if already there will not be allowed to remain therein, and that, if due regard for, and voluntary obedience to, the laws and the treaties of the United States, and this admonition and warning, be not sufficient to effect the purposes and intentions of the government, as herein declared, the military power of the United States will be invoked to abate all such unauthorized possession; to prevent such threatened entry and occupation, and to remove all such intruders from the said Indian lands."

Sen. Sherman.

In the absence of any authentic information, gossip is busy over the rumored reasons for Sen. Sherman's declination to serve upon the Finance committee. To an Associated Press reporter who asked Sen. Sherman for his reasons, he said: "If I have any apologies to make, I will make them to my contituents." The report two years ago that Sherman wished to be restored to the chairmanship of the committee on Finance, from which he withdrew to become Secretary of the Treasury, is revived, and it is said that some personal ill feeling existed between himself and Sen. Morrill, the present chairman of the committee. In consequence, Morrill was asked in regard to the matter, but replied he had nothing to say, but added, so far as he knew the relations between Sen. Sherman and himself were cordial.

There is said to be a feeling which is not entirely cordial between Sherman and Aldrich, and rumor abides indefinitely to a demand or request said to have been made by the former that the latter should be removed from the finance committee, in default of which he (Sherman) would no longer serve. This cannot be traced to any authentic source, but on the other hand none who should know the facts are found to deny it. It can be said that when the subject of Sherman's retirement was referred to in the caucus the other day the colloquy which ensued between Sherman and Morrill was kindly in tone, each professing sincere personal esteem for the other.

The only reason brought forward therefore for the retirement of Sherman was his belief that the interests of his constituents were not fairly considered in the action of the committee upon the wool tariff. Sherman asked then to be relieved from further service, but the caucus, by a formal vote, declined to relieve him. The misunderstanding between Sherman and Aldrich dates back, it is said, to the action of the committee respecting the tariff and has been revived, and possibly increased, by the controversy over the refunding and national bank measures, in respect to which the two were advocates of wildly different courses of procedure. It is likely nothing further will be heard

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Egypt.

A dispatch from Suakim says: The Indian native soldiers of the Sikhs regiment were in their first engagement on Egyptian soil Tuesday. A party of Osman Digna's Arabs made an attack on one of the British subjects in the neighborhood of Suakim, and the Sikhs were sent out into the open field to repel the attack. They were splendidly handled and showed admirable coolness and steadiness. The skirmish was hot while it lasted, but the Arabs were soon repulsed and many of their dead were left up in the field. The casualties among the Indian troops were few.

Turkish authorities in the Arabian province of Hedjaz have seized hundreds of placards distributed by emissaries of El Mahdi at Jeddah, Doksh, Lith, and other seaport towns opposite Soudan. The placards order the "faithful" to organize and expel the Turks from Arabia, promising that the prophet will soon arrive at Jeddah and lead his hosts to Mecca, where there will be such disp ays in the sky as will leave no doubt of his identity.

The British government has ordered the contractors to hasten the construction of the Suakim-Berber railway. Two hundred additional navvies have been sent to work upon the road.

Gordon's diary was written on Egyptian telegraph blanks pages, sewed together with twine, every page illuminated with pictures, fantastic and serious. Gordon's letters indicate that his diary was written for the use of the government. It is desired that the government edit this diary and publish for a trifle of it as soon as all have reached London. The diary, as left by Gordon, is in six volumes.

When the attack was made upon the ordnance enclosure of the garrison by El Mahdi's men, the rebels, in answering to the challenge of the picket, replied, "Friends." They swarmed into the zeriba, overpowered the pickets and attacked the guards, but hearing the men landing from the gunboat hurried away in disorder, carrying off with them all their dead and wounded except the body of their leader, Abdel, who was Osman Digna's standard bearer. Six British guards were killed and seven wounded.

A dispatch from Suakim states that heavy firing from Osman Digna's force continues this (Thursday) evening. The Sikhs and East Surrey regiment (mainly composed of Londoners) are returning the fire. At the time the dispatch was sent the bugles of the British camp were sounding a general alarm.

Gen. Graham has decreed that the inhabitants of Suakim shall be disarmed, as he has reason to apprehend treachery. Hereafter any unenlisted native found with arms will be treated as a rebel.

Dispatches from Suakim state that a mutiny has broken out in Osman Digna's camp. Deserters bring terrible tales of suffering among Arabs, and say Osman Digna can only maintain authority by a system of terrorism, which includes beheading a few mutineers every morning at sunrise.

Special editions of several London newspapers were published Sunday, announcing on the authority of a private telegram from Suakim that Kowaki had fallen and the garrison had been massacred. The report is not believed in official circles, as the government dispatches from Suakim make no mention of such occurrence. Missionary advices to March 10 say that no news has been received from Kassala since March 4.

Gerhart Rohlfs, traveler, arrived at Suakim. Work on the Suakim-Berber railway has begun. Osman Digna offered to give money and stop night attacks if the British would return the body of his standard-bearer. The firing Saturday night was the heaviest and most continuous the British have yet been subjected to.

Suakim advices do not confirm the rumor of the fall of Kassala and the massacre of the garrison.

Great Britain.

The government has ordered the naval and military pensioners at the Portsmouth dock yard to be in readiness for medical inspection. This is the first time such an inspection has been ordered since the Crimean war. There is a report to the effect that the channel fleet has been ordered to proceed to the Mediterranean.

The British war department is making preparations with a view to the possible occurrence of serious trouble in Afghanistan. Orders have been sent to the arsenals at Bombay and Bengal to prepare all kinds of ammunition. Details for two army corps are already completed. Each of this divisions consists of 15,000 men, and 11,800 horses. The admiralty are making arrangements to have a fleet of transports in readiness.

Another private letter from Gen. Gordon has been made public. It is dated only a few days before his death, and is to be read between the lines. In the course of the letter he says:

"It will accept nothing whatever from Gladstone's government. I will not let them pay my expenses. I will get the king to pay them. I will never put a foot in England again; but if I get out I will go to Brussels and soon to the Congo."

This letter appeared on the very day when services were being held in cathedrals and churches throughout England in Gordon's memory, with cabinet officials among those attending.

The British government intends to build 50 stern-wheel steamboats for use on the Nile.

The London *Telegraph* states that the English government rejected the offer of the United States to negotiate a convention with the British West Indies.

England and Russia.

Hartington, secretary of state for war, stated in the Commons that it was impossible to deny that there was still cause for great anxiety regarding the relations of Great Britain and Russia.

The arrangement between England and Russia, announced by Gladstone in the Commons, was concluded Friday. It resulted in a decision by the Tsar not to insist on the withdrawal of Russian troops from outposts during the deliberations of the joint commission.

Baron De Staal sent a denial to Granville and De Giers of the report that troops were concentrating at Kaskabad. He also protested against preparations for war, which it is reported are now being made in England, and demonstrations upon the Indian frontier, which, he said, were calculated to lessen the chances of an amicable settlement consequent upon agreement.

The Czar of Russia said Friday night, in an informal talk with several diplomats:

"I cannot feel that any but the wildest dreamers could think I would declare war against England. Our interests are attuned and will be attained, but will be by the gradual power of civilization, and not by force."

Gladstone explained Monday that England and Russia had agreed, as he had stated Friday, that no further advances should be made in Afghanistan. The statement of this agreement was based on an interchange of communications, carried on through the British ambassador at St. Petersburg.

England and Germany.

The result of Count Herbert Bismarck's special mission to England relative to German interests in West Africa is reported as follows: England has agreed to Germany the whole of the Cameroons country, with the exception of the mission town of Victoria, where the Germans are alleged to have hauled down the British flag. England further agrees not to interfere with any action Germany may take in the entire country from the south bank of the Red Rey, a small river emptying into the Bight of Biafra, some distance north of Cameroon, to the Gaboon, which enters the sea near the equator. Germany, on the other hand, recognizes the supremacy of England over the country lying between the north bank of the Rio Del Rey and Lagos. This covers the basin of the Lower Niger.

It is reported that Sir Peter Lumsden had arrived at Herat. The Afghan troops were actively fortifying the city. Small bodies of Russians held the wells and roads between Sarakhs and the Murghab river. There are several hundred Cossacks near Pul-i-Khatun. The most southerly point nearest Herat is occupied by Russians. The Russian forces occupying Merv consists of a battalion of infantry, a regiment of dragoons and some Cossacks. At Askabad there are about 5,000 troops of all arms. One Russian brigade and a convoy of military stores are en route from the Caucasus to Askabad.

The Afghans believed an offensive and defensive alliance between England and Turkey would have the effect of alienating the Turcomans from Russian authority.

A letter from Askabad, dated February 24, says: "Communication between strangers and the people in the outside world is closely supervised. Troops and stores are going forward daily enroute to Merv. The soldiers are previously blessed by priests, who tell them to fight valiantly against the Czar's enemies. Civilians and military men openly discuss the likelihood of a declaration of war against England. Great excitement prevails here. It is stated that 10,000 troops have been ordered to Merv."

Work on the railway from Kizil-Arvat to Merv is being pushed with the utmost rapidity. Great difficulty is experienced to induce workmen to go to Merv, as they fear they will be killed by the British or Afghans.

A letter from Sarakhs, dated March 2, states that five battalions of Russian infantry and three batteries of artillery are en route from Bokhara to Merv, and a small party of Cossacks recently attempted to traverse the Zeulfikar defile, but were prevented by force.

Russia.

The London *Evening News* states that it has learned that a remonstrance from the highest quarters has been addressed to the Czar, in the interest of peace, and have met with such chilling response that slight hopes are now entertained that hostilities can be averted.

The governor of the Caucasus, Gen. Dondonkoff Korsakoff, has returned to Tiflish. The tone of the Russian press continues extremely bellicose. Open declarations are made that Russia intends to have Herat. The *Novoe Vremya* calls the approaching meeting of Lord Dufferin and the ameer of Afghanistan a military demonstration on the Russian frontiers. "Russia and England," the writer continues, "will soon meet on dry land, and the result will be that the isolated security hitherto enjoyed by the British empire will be destroyed."

Germany.

The *North German Gazette* repudiates the idea that, Germany will imperil the friendly relations now existing between herself and Russia by venturing to place a veto upon any regulation that Russia may choose to make on the Afghan frontiers.

Afghanistan.

Advices from Teheran state that Sir Peter Lumsden is encamped on a portion of the territory ceded by Persia to Herat. The expectation is that he will enter Herat in case the Russians make any further advance.

France.

An immense sensation has been caused by the stand which the Paris authorities have taken toward the Fenian agitators. In addition to the arrests of James Stephes, Eugene Davis and John Morrissey, the police have arrested a journalist named Mortimer Leroy, and another Fenian, name not learned. Mrs. Stephens was also arrested, but subsequently released. All the persons now under arrest will be expelled from the country. Warrants for the expulsion of other Fenian leaders have been issued, and further arrests are expected.

Stephens, Davis, Morrissey and Leroy were taken to the frontier of France to day, and warned not to return.

China.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Yokohama Associated Press advice is that negotiations between Japan and China, with reference to the Corean trouble, will begin at Pekin shortly. Japan will send a special ambassador. She will insist upon a disclaimer for the attack by the Chinese troops, and will propose for the joint withdrawal of soldiers from Corea. The Corean Embassy has arrived at Tokio with a letter of apology from the king of Corea to the emperor of Japan. It is stated that the French regarded the prospect of a disagreement between Japan and China as an opportunity for an alliance with the former against the latter power. Japan, however, disposed of the difficulty with China separately. It has been definitely determined that the treaty for the revision of the conferences will meet in March. It is thought that the conference will occupy not more than three weeks.

Gen. Foote, United States Minister to Corea, had an audience with the Emperor on February 17, to the special delight of Corea, in the interest of peace, and have met with such chilling response that slight hopes are now entertained that hostilities can be averted.

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